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# The Shape of Things

THROUGH THE FOG THAT SURROUNDS THE Big Four conference, increased by the wise decision to shift from public to secret sessions, one fact remains clear: for different reasons the Soviet Union and the United States are interested in an accord that will allow the reopening of trade between East and West—beginning with the eastern and western zones of Germany. An acceptable arrangement on Berlin may also be possible, though the problem of the veto remains as an obstacle. But even this may yield to compromise. Although Vishinsky, in his first reaction to Acheson's plan for the reestablishment of four-power rule, insisted that "quadripartism implies unanimity," he later intimated that certain modifications might be discussed. With his usual desire to transform generalities into practical proposals, Bevin suggested that a list of possible exceptions should be drawn up at once. It is through such technical solutions that the conference may finally begin to make progress. If an agreement on Berlin should be achieved, Mr. Vishinsky might even raise again the over-all problem of Germany. He reserved the right to do it when the conference passed from general debate to the more modest goal of establishing a tolerable coexistence in Berlin. Nobody in Paris today believes that the conference can repair the fundamental discord manifest at the start; but if one accepts the current belief that the Kremlin's policy toward the West has changed, one must also assume that it is to Mr. Vishinsky's interest to leave the door open for further discussion of the political reorganization of Germany at a later meeting of the Foreign Ministers.

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A NUMBER OF FAIR DEAL SENATORS ARE preparing an economic proposal which in the end may be the most important to emerge in the Eighty-first Congress. At present it is in the stage of discussion and study, but it will probably be introduced before the present session ends. The purpose is central to the whole policy of the United States, domestic and foreign—to implement the Employment Act of 1946 by a long-term program for expansion in production and employment which would make impossible any serious slump. So far we have had the Council of Economic Advisers to size up the situation and make recommendations, but many have felt that this is inadequate without more definite planning, since there is little assurance that the advice of the council will in any instance be followed. The new bill will cover a broad range of measures, such as the stimulation of basic industries where shortages may be in prospect, the development of backward or declining geographical areas in this country, long-range planning of public works, encouragement of small business, the voluntary working out of a feasible policy in private industry on prices, wages, and profits, remedies for spotty or localized unemployment which may spread and infect the whole economy. While Senator Murray and his collaborators wisely do not think we shall be safe in relying on the "automatic" adjustments of private enterprise, the bill involves no extension of public ownership but suggests means by which the action of both business and government can be coordinated about the general aim.

*

ON THE DAY THAT JACKIE ("THE CLUTCH") Robinson contributed his sixth home run of the year to a Dodger victory in Pittsburgh, Dr. Ralph J. Bunche called on the President in Washington and was asked by him to become an Assistant Secretary of State. Thanks a lot, said Dr. Bunche, but no thanks. While the reason he gave at that time for declining the highest federal post ever offered a Negro was undoubtedly valid—he would suffer a loss in income of more that $4,000 a year by switching from the United Nations to the State Department—the determining factor was actually revealed several days later by Carl Levin in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Dr. Bunche, for all the immunity he has won by virtue of internationally recognized ability and stature, has had enough of the Jim Crow life he and his family must lead every day in our fair capital. . . .On the day that Jackie Robinson hit his seventh home run of the season to break up a thirteen-inning thriller against the Giants in New York, a "pretty troublesome sort of Nigra" named Caleb Hill, Jr., was taken by two unmasked men from the second-floor room "that passes for a jail" in the home of the sheriff of Irwinton, Georgia, and escorted to a nearby creek. There he was beaten and shot to death, thus becoming the first lynch victim of 1949. The FBI has been called into the case, but the citizens of Irwinton, the New York *Post* reports, are no more aroused "than if. . .the town drunk had cussed in the presence of ladies." Most of the 53,053 white and

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colored people who saw Robby ruin the Giants on the day of the lynching are surely numbered among the millions of Americans who are bitterly ashamed this week of Georgia justice, Washington *mores*, and the rule of white supremacy, and who will not rest until it has been wiped out in every field, as it has, to all intents and purposes, in that of entertainment.

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TO THE HISTORIANS OF THIS AGE THE interesting question will not be whether Harry Bridges was ever a Communist but how many times he was prosecuted on the charge and how many hearings he had. Guilty or innocent, Bridges has been attacked as few men have in the history of the American labor movement. For a quarter of a century now his enemies have been clamoring for his deportation, and as the record will indicate, a deep-seated malice has permeated every phase of the campaign. The latest maneuver by the government to deport him—by seeking to have his citizenship revoked on grounds of perjury and conspiracy—will undoubtedly result in one of the most fiercely contested of all the celebrated Bridges hearings. For the new witness on whom the government will rely is Mervyn Rathbone, for many years secretary-treasurer of the California C. I. O. and one of Bridges's chief lieutenants. While Rathbone is the most impressive witness yet to appear against the longshoremen's leader, it is quite possible that his testimony may be subject to serious impeachment. But even should the Bridges "luck" still hold, it is altogether probable that the government will discover some new charge or theory upon which it can keep alive its permanent campaign against him.

*

WITH THE DEATH OF FERNANDO DE LOS RIOS democratic Spain has lost one of its most eloquent spokesmen. Though he had belonged since his youth to the Socialist Party of Spain and represented that party in Parliament and in the government, De los Rios was much more a liberal than a Socialist of the orthodox sort. Anticipating Léon Blum's humanitarian approach, he had written and spoken in favor of a revision of socialism toward a kind of universal New Deal, in which the class struggle would yield to the ideal of social reconciliation under the banner of human rights and economic justice. It was precisely this deep-rooted liberalism that made him so unhappy over the policy of the Western democracies toward Spain. As ambassador of the Spanish Republic in Washington during the war years, he had tried vainly to convince the State Department that the embargo policy could only serve the interests of Hitler and Mussolini. A great new disappointment, and one that undoubtedly contributed to his increasing ill health, came about when, as Foreign Min-

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ister of the government in exile, De los Rios went to London in 1946 hoping to win Mr. Bevin to a firm democratic policy on Spain. He could not believe that the British Labor Party, among whose leaders were many of his best friends, would follow essentially the same policy toward Franco as Winston Churchill. The failure of his mission was a great shock. Gravely ill, he retired shortly afterward from the government to spend the last painful days of his life under a cloud of deep disillusionment.

*

ALTHOUGH THE BOMBS THAT GREETED Franco on his visit to Barcelona missed their mark, they gave the world a new indication of his present popularity. At the same time Radio Madrid continued its vulgar tirade against Eleanor Roosevelt, denouncing her as "the real boss of Washington's foreign policy." Undoubtedly the sharp statement by President Truman at last week's press conference that he "would not favor" an Export-Import Bank credit to the Spanish dictator has confirmed Radio Madrid in its belief. But according to our information, it was certain official reports on the President's desk rather than the anti-fascist sentiments of Mrs. Roosevelt, or even of the American people, that tipped the scales against a loan. These reports speak of a regime in total bankruptcy, efficient in only one sort of activity—the persecution of Protestants and the mass executions of Spanish Republicans.

*

PREPARATIONS BY THE UNITED NATIONS, AT the request of the United States, to implement President Truman's "Point Four," bring out more clearly than did the early comments the real nature of the proposal. At first many understood it to be a plan for pouring American capital into under-developed regions in order to industrialize them almost overnight. Such a program would have been dangerous both for American capital and the backward regions. The investments would have been on a precarious footing, and the nations aided would have run the risk of suffering all the evils of nineteenth-century financial imperialism. Western Europe and the United States required many decades to develop from agrarian to industrial communities. This process was not merely one of building up capital; it also meant gaining familiarity with mechanical processes, widening the area of literacy, training experts. In many of the backward regions of the present world little can be done without first making advances in health and nutrition. Meanwhile productivity can be greatly increased by simple means created out of native resources. We can hasten the process by exporting "know how," and it is for this that the U. N. suggests the modest appropriation of about $86,000,000 during the first two years. The specialized agencies can offer much help in the field of agriculture, water utilization, health and sanitation, labor, transport, and basic planning. Foreign capital may follow as the opportunity offers, but it should never overshadow domestic investment by the developing nations themselves.

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THE COLORADO-BIG THOMPSON IRRIGATION and power project has recently become the subject of bitter controversy. The primary purpose of the project is to provide a supplemental water supply for 615,000 acres of farming land in northeastern Colorado by bringing water from the western to the eastern slope of the Rockies through a thirteen-and-a-half-mile tunnel. The cost was originally estimated at $44,000,000, but it now appears likely to be more than $200,000,000. A serious question has also arisen as to the amount of water that can be diverted from one slope to the other. The fault for all this lies, at least in part, in assigning to administrative agencies—in this case, the Bureau of Reclamation—a planning function which should be kept separate from the task of construction. Huge developments like the "Big T"—a project of immense importance—should be fully blueprinted before construction has started, and the construction agency should not be involved in lobbying them through Congress. It is quite obvious, of course, that the Public Service Company of Colorado is behind those now shouting, "See—it's impractical!" But this does not dispose of the issue raised at a recent meeting of the Western States Council by Dr. J. R. Mahoney, who insisted that the West is being developed on the basis of "fragmentary information" in default of regional fact-finding on a scale that would provide a real foundation for long-range development programs. This research should be carried out by agencies charged with that function alone, in order to avoid precisely the situation now at hand.

# *The "Nation" Ban*

AT ITS hearing on June 2 the New York City Board of Education failed to reach a decision on *The Nation* ban, voted for a second year by the Board of Superintendents. Superintendent of Schools Jansen managed to confuse the issue by announcing, toward the end of the meeting, that there were new reasons for the continued exclusion of this journal from the school libraries. This was the first intimation that anything had been considered by the board except Paul Blanshard's articles on the Roman Catholic church; in fact, on May 24 Dr. Jansen had specifically cited that series as the cause of the board's new action, together with *The Nation's* "continued justification" of its use of the articles. With what other misbehavior are we now, so belatedly, charged? What new sins have landed us on the Superin-

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tendent's Index Expurgatorius? One thing is sure: the Board of Education had heard of no cause other than the Blanshard series for the latest ruling of the Board of Superintendents. But Dr. Jansen is quoted in the *Daily Compass* as having said to reporters after the meeting: "They had an ad in there, for a book, about Christ was a myth or something." Thus do our high educational authorities guard the intellectual purity of their charges.

The hearing itself provided a clear and instructive revelation of the forces engaged in this dispute. In spite of the efforts of President Moss, who presided with fairness and sobriety, the meeting took on the atmosphere of a Christian Front demonstration. *The Nation* and its supporting organizations presented their case against the ban and urged the board to consider positive suggestions for improving the methods now employed in selecting material for the public-school libraries, arguing that the arbitrary procedure used in banning *The Nation* had no place in a democratic school system. Their statements were sober and responsive to the action of the Board of Superintendents, but the discussion of the issue was blasted into confused fragments by the backers of the ban. These witnesses, representing, with only two or three exceptions, Roman Catholic organizations and the American Legion, staged an exhibition of invective and slander that recalled the Coughlinite crusade at its noisiest. The Blanshard articles were all but forgotten in the sweep of an offensive which managed to take in the Kinsey report, the Mindszenty case, the advertisements of Blanshard's book on "American Freedom and Catholic Power," communism, atheism, and the opinions of George Sokolsky. One speaker, Thomas T. Flynn of the American Legion remarked, "Next thing we know, *The Nation* will be defending Lilienthal." A surprised titter ran around the room, and Mr. Flynn added, "We think he's all right, but he may be wrong, and maybe he's defending communism."

The show must have been somewhat embarrassing for the school authorities, who have insisted from the beginning that the ban was their own invention, not instigated or even suggested by Roman Catholic elements. We have not challenged that claim. It may well be that the Board of Superintendents acted spontaneously; perhaps on the initiative of one of its Catholic members. But if it did, we consider its decision—and the recent renewal of that decision—even more indicative of the ways in which the influence of the Roman church makes itself felt. We appear to have reached a stage where criticism of Catholic doctrine or policy need only be printed to arouse the impulse of suppression in our public authorities; when such criticism is barred from the schools even before a protest is heard, then we have reached a very advanced stage of self-censorship. The witnesses arrayed before the Board of Education last Thursday were proof that organized Catholicism will move into action at the first hint that a serious fight is being made to keep open the channels of information and independent judgment.

*The Nation* has opposed the ban as a challenge to

## *Against the Ban . . .*

Appearing before the Board of Education in opposition to the ban were the following persons and organizations:

FREDA KIRCHWEY, editor of *The Nation*
EDWARD S. GREENBAUM, counsel to *The Nation*
ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, chairman of the Ad Hoc Committee to Lift the Ban on *The Nation*, represented by George E. Axtelle
GEORGE E. AXTELLE, vice-president of the Teachers' Guild
DAVID K. BERNINGHAUSEN, chairman of the Committee on Intellectual Freedom, American Library Association
EVELYN DUBROW, director of the New York Chapter, Americans for Democratic Action
R. LAWRENCE SIEGEL, Academic Freedom Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union
NATHAN K. FRANKEL, National Lawyers' Guild
FRED MCLAUGHLIN, director of the Public Education Association
DAVID ASHE, president, United Parents' Association
MEL MYERS, publicity director of the Liberal Party
ARTHUR SCHUTZER, state executive secretary of the American Labor Party
ROSE RUSSELL, legislative representative of the Teachers' Union
WILL MASLOW, American Jewish Congress.

## *. . . and for It*

Those who defended the ban, in the order of their appearance, were:

BORGIA BUTLER, Coordinating Committee of the Catholic Lay Committees of the Archdiocese of New York, claiming to represent a million Roman Catholics
NICHOLAS PINTO, former County Court judge, who stated that he represented himself only
GODFREY P. SCHMIDT, teacher of constitutional law, Fordham University
HOWARD SEITZ, Catholic Lawyers' Guild of Brooklyn, claiming 600 members
JOHN B. MCARDLE, state advocate, Knights of Columbus
MATTHEW J. SHEVLIN, Americanism Committee of the Queens County American Legion
WILLIAM HARDENBURG, Americanism Committee of the New York County American Legion
THOMAS T. FLYNN, Americanism Committee of the Kings County American Legion
MARGARET BYRNE, Catholic Inter-Racial Council
ELEANOR HARRINGTON, Teachers' Alliance (a Roman Catholic organization)
The REV. ARTHUR A. ROUMER, pastor of Cadman Memorial Church (Protestant)
HERBERT S. DIAMOND, Guild of Catholic Lawyers.

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constitutional rights and to democratic standards and principles of education. Such acts of censorship, we believe, are the inevitable result of arbitrary methods, restrictive lists, and secrecy. We have deliberately minimized the Catholic issue in our discussion of the ban, not because we thought it played no part, but because we wished to concentrate upon clear and provable errors of administrative practice. The attack of the Catholic representatives at the hearing last week did not alter the essential character of the case. But it brought into the open the forces that stand behind the Board of Superintendent's decision and applaud its undemocratic, obscurantist behavior. To confront those forces, in the persons of their clamorous, lying spokesmen, is to understand the sinister and reactionary meaning of organized Catholic opinion.

Does the church itself wish to be judged by these lay champions? Do they express the opinion of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in America? Whatever the decision of the Board of Education on the *Nation* ban, its hearing on June 2 raised these questions with startling clarity.

# *New Farm Plan Needed*

THERE is no question that something ought to be done to prevent the farmers from suffering the same sort of catastrophe that befell them after World War I. It may be seriously doubted, however, whether what is now being done is really helpful to the national economy or even, in the long run, to the farmers themselves. Secretary of Agriculture Brannan has come forward with a new program. Is it the solution?

The main flaws in the present system can be briefly stated, with some oversimplification. It is based on keeping the prices of crops up to a predetermined level. This level depends, by law, on the relation existing at some previous time between the price of each specific crop and the farmer's cost of living. To maintain this level, the government holds off the market any surplus that cannot be sold at a fixed price. By assigning quotas to farmers the government also tries to get them to keep their production down to the amount which can be disposed of at that price.

The system prevents consumers in the lower income brackets from eating or wearing all they need. It restricts sales to foreign consumers, too. Cotton from our Southern states has lost a great part of the world market because political pressure has kept it too high. The government, by taking responsibility for "surpluses" grown at the prices maintained, holds the bag. Before the war these surpluses had increased to almost unmanageable size; there was a danger that the Commodity Credit Corporation, like the Federal Farm Board under Hoover, would crack under the financial strain and that prices would tumble lower than ever. Only the abnormal war demand bailed it out. Restriction of production is not only monopolistic but frequently fails to work when prices are kept artificially high. Finally, the amount of the various crops grown is frozen to the pattern of some previous period; there is no chance for the market to do its traditional work of allocating resources in accordance with consumer preferences. For example, the government now spends millions buying and destroying potatoes—a sheer waste of effort and money.

We have seen no final formulation of Secretary Brannan's scheme. Its main feature is to let prices of perishable products seek their natural level and to keep up the growers' income by direct subsidy instead of by shoving up prices. Whether the subsidy would cost the taxpayers as much as the present system nobody seems to know. At any rate, the public would benefit as consumers.

So far, so good. But as we understand the plan, it would not be applied to staples like wheat and cotton. Thus the major evils of the old system would remain. Also, the guaranteed incomes of the growers of perishables would be based on those received in the immediately preceding ten or twelve years. This would mean keeping farm incomes up to inflated war levels and so inducing too many people to stay in agriculture.

Numerous and complicated suggestions for solving the riddle have been offered. We are greatly taken by the general point of view of Professor Theodore Schulz of the University of Chicago. The farm problem, Mr. Schulz points out, is bound up with the problem of instability in the industrial sector of the economy. When business is good and full employment exists, farmers do pretty well without any special help. But when business gets into trouble and lays off employees, city people cannot buy so much and farm prices sink.

Mr. Schulz believes that farmers should take more interest in fiscal and monetary measures to stabilize employment. Steady full employment would (a) keep the prices of crops up to decent levels, (b) furnish job opportunities to the surplus population which results from the relatively high birth rate in rural regions. As things are, the farmers bear the brunt of depressions by the two-way road of price cuts and surplus farm population. Farmers, therefore, ought to have some insurance against business slumps. This insurance, Mr. Schulz believes, should take the form of *income* subsidies, not price supports. So far, he agrees with Secretary Brannan, though he would not try to keep farm incomes anywhere near the inflated war level. The income supplements, he believes, should go into effect only when industrial employment reaches a certain figure, say 5 per cent, and should stop when it falls below that

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figure. Farmers might be guaranteed perhaps 85 per cent of the income they received before the depression started—but only a normal peace-time income.

Prices, Mr. Shulz points out, should not be regarded as the chief objective of policy, as at present, but merely as a means of bringing about a desirable volume and composition of agricultural production. If the government, by setting prices in advance, could encourage the output of crops of which people need more and discourage the output of those of which they want less, it would be justified in doing so. But it can only cause trouble by shoring up prices by historically determined formulas and storing unmarketable surpluses. The farm organizations are courting disaster if they think American consumers will indefinitely subsidize farmers to produce crops which the consumer cannot buy.

# POLITICS and PEOPLE

BY ROBERT BENDINER

## The Trial of Alger Hiss

*Foley Square, New York, June 3*

IT IS safe to predict that books will be written about the case of the *United States* vs. *Alger Hiss*, just as they are still being written about the case of Captain Dreyfus. Plays, too, no doubt, for the Hiss-Chambers affair is the very stuff of drama, with themes, primary and secondary, plots and counter-plots, characters made for the stage, and settings that range from the councils of the mighty at Yalta to the rickety dive of "One-eyed Annie" in a Bienneville Street slum of New Orleans.

Assuming first that the defendant is innocent, as one must at this stage of the proceedings, the theme is relatively simple—the implacable determination of Whittaker Chambers, sane or otherwise, to destroy a brilliant and respected young official for some real or fancied wrong of a nature only to be guessed. If, on the other hand, Hiss is guilty of the perjury specifically charged against him, and of the espionage implied in the indictment, the theme takes on a far richer complexion. We have then the desperate struggle of an underground Communist to slough off the conspiratorial morality that conditioned his every act for a decade, even though his spiritual salvation encompasses his material ruin and the destruction of an old comrade as well—a comrade he tried vainly to save and at last abandoned only by slow and grudging stages.

Subordinate to either of these themes we have the political struggle between those on the one side who profoundly want a conviction in order to confirm their cherished belief that the New Deal was dominated by agents of the Kremlin and, on the other, those who fear that a conviction would not only promote this fantasy but fan the already hot flames of political intolerance. For plot there is enough to satisfy the most confirmed addict of E. Phillips Oppenheim—stolen documents, Russian operatives, secret trysts in tawdry movie theaters, missing typewriters, and microfilm cached away in hollowed-out pumpkins. And in the background, coloring everything in ominous tones, is the antagonism of two alien worlds, with conflicting codes of behavior and totally different concepts of right and wrong.

Failure to appreciate this gulf, a proneness to regard offending Communists as common criminals and no more, has caught up the government in a net of its own contriving. It is natural that Lloyd Paul Stryker, Hiss's incisive lawyer, with the ruddy complexion and close-cropped gray hair of a country squire, should concentrate his fire on the credibility of the state's chief witness. It was inevitable that he would attack Chambers as everything from a book thief to a traitor, from a man who "sneaked around for fourteen years under false names," "a blasphemer of Him whom many of us call the Son of God," to a "Communist conspirator and thug." The prosecutor, Thomas F. Murphy, had told the jury in his opening speech: "If you don't believe Chambers, then we have no case." One would expect him, therefore, to go to any length to establish the witness's credibility. Yet here Mr. Murphy is at a most serious disadvantage. A tremendous man, with the bulk, the full rusty mustache, the heavy jowls and watery blue eyes, of a colonel of the Coldstream Guards, he seems inhibited by the very nature of his employment from making a real defense of his own witness. He objected to Stryker's use of the word "traitor" on the technical ground that Chambers had not given aid and comfort to an enemy, and at one point he objected to the form of a question designed to elicit from Chambers the admission that as a Communist he was an enemy of his country, seeking its overthrow by any method. But how could Mr. Murphy carry conviction when at that very moment, in another room of the courthouse, his superior, United States Attorney John F. X. McGohey, was trying to convince a jury that the Communist Party is precisely that kind of criminal conspiracy?

Chambers, too, with the passion of a convert, heaps abuse on his former self, admitting as freely to treason, which he is not guilty of, as to perjury, which he palpably is, quite apart from his testimony on Hiss. Only occasionally does he allow himself a suggestion that communism, after all, is not to be equated with moral depravity. When Stryker, a master of invective and of the hammy histrionics that are supposed to appeal to juries, asked whether Chambers "had no shame

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and no conscience" about his numerous breaches of morality, the witness replied, "I mean to indicate that I was a Communist, and that my conscience didn't bother me." That was the nearest anyone in the courtroom has come to suggesting that the problem is not one of virtue versus sin but rather of the yawning gulf between the codes of two forces contending for the world.

AS THIS is written, the spotlight has not yet turned on Alger Hiss, who throughout the first week of the trial appeared to be an alert but detached observer, his lean face betraying no sign of concern that the words of the pudgy, self-tortured poet on the witness stand might leave his career in fragments even if they did not send him to prison. The bitter irony of Hiss's position is that acquittal is not enough; he must have vindication. If the jury refuses to convict him solely because it does not accept the word of Chambers, he will not be cleared outside the narrow confines of the law. He must prove that Chambers not only "lies easily," as Stryker got him to admit, but that he lied specifically, outrageously, and from start to finish when he testified that he and Hiss were fellow-Communists, that the former high official of the State Department repeatedly smuggled confidential documents to him for photographing and copying, and that the two of them met with a mysterious Colonel Bykov in the mezzanine of a Brooklyn movie house to plot further espionage. He must puncture Chambers's story covering a period of four years, replete with dates, places, names, conversations, and other concrete detail. He must show, in short, that Chambers is either the most deadly and determined liar who ever opened his mouth or that he is a psychopath who by some strange twist of the mind has hit upon Hiss as the principal actor in his sinister dream world. Or, not to omit a possibility, he must show that he has indeed had contact with Chambers, knowing who and what he was, but has sacrificed his own reputation to shield another.

This is the setting for one of the most sensational trials of American history. Full comment must await the workings of the law in the courtroom of Judge Samuel H. Kaufman. Suffice it to add that the outcome will have major repercussions, whatever it may be. Acquittal should prove the undoing of the House Committee on Un-American Activities; that body would stand revealed as a collection of gulls who for two years had followed the lead of a man regarded by a jury of average Americans as a monumental liar or a mental case. Conviction, on the other hand, would show that Communist conspiracy has gone much farther in the United States than the run of liberals have thought possible, and that it has agents more devious, more highly placed, and more successful than any yet brought to book.

# *Slow Motion at Paris*

BY ALEXANDER WERTH

*Paris, June 1*

NO ONE can tell yet how the Paris conference will end, but after ten days some facts about it stick out a mile and others stick out only half an inch, are in fact scarcely visible. But some of the latter may prove extremely important. I would put first among the less obvious facts the Russian belief, mentioned in my last dispatch, that something has changed in the United States and that the American government, including President Truman himself, is anxious to arrive at a *modus vivendi* with the Kremlin. Curious indeed is the latest expression of this belief—a report that Mr. Baruch, of all people, instead of trying to blow up Moscow with atom bombs, which for a long time the Russians thought was his intention, is going to Moscow as the personal envoy of the President to discuss atomic energy with the Soviets in a business-like way.

What the Russians now seem to be aiming at is the neutralization of Germany. The withdrawal of troops in any near, or even clearly foreseeable, future is just not mentioned, and neither the Russians nor anyone else seems in a hurry to work out a German peace treaty. But "neutralization" might be the basis for a *modus vivendi*. *Le Monde*, apparently reflecting for once the truly official French line, declared itself the other day completely in favor of the neutralization of Germany as the lesser evil —the greater evil being Germany's inclusion as an equal member in the Atlantic Pact. *Le Monde* is, of course, a remarkably wobbly paper: one day it publishes an article on Germany which might have been written by the late Raymond Poincaré; then a few days later it runs a dispatch from its Berlin correspondent saying that every German's heart is with the West, or one from Düsseldorf drawing attention to the deadly danger of "another Rapallo." In so far as "neutralization" is on the cards, the official French view is that much can be said for it. Western opinion, as *Le Monde* points out, is psychologically unprepared for the "Atlanticizing" of Germany; moreover, for the whole of Germany that is out of the question. And to receive Western Germany into the Atlantic Pact would only intensify the strain between East and West by furnishing clear provocation to Russia.

The greatest stumbling-block for the reestablishment of four-power control even in Berlin is, of course, the veto. Less pessimistic observers believe, however, that the Russians may consent to have the unanimity rule apply only to certain cases—for example, when Germany violates international agreements.

There has been a tendency so far to exaggerate difficulties. M. Schuman, for example, found it hard to

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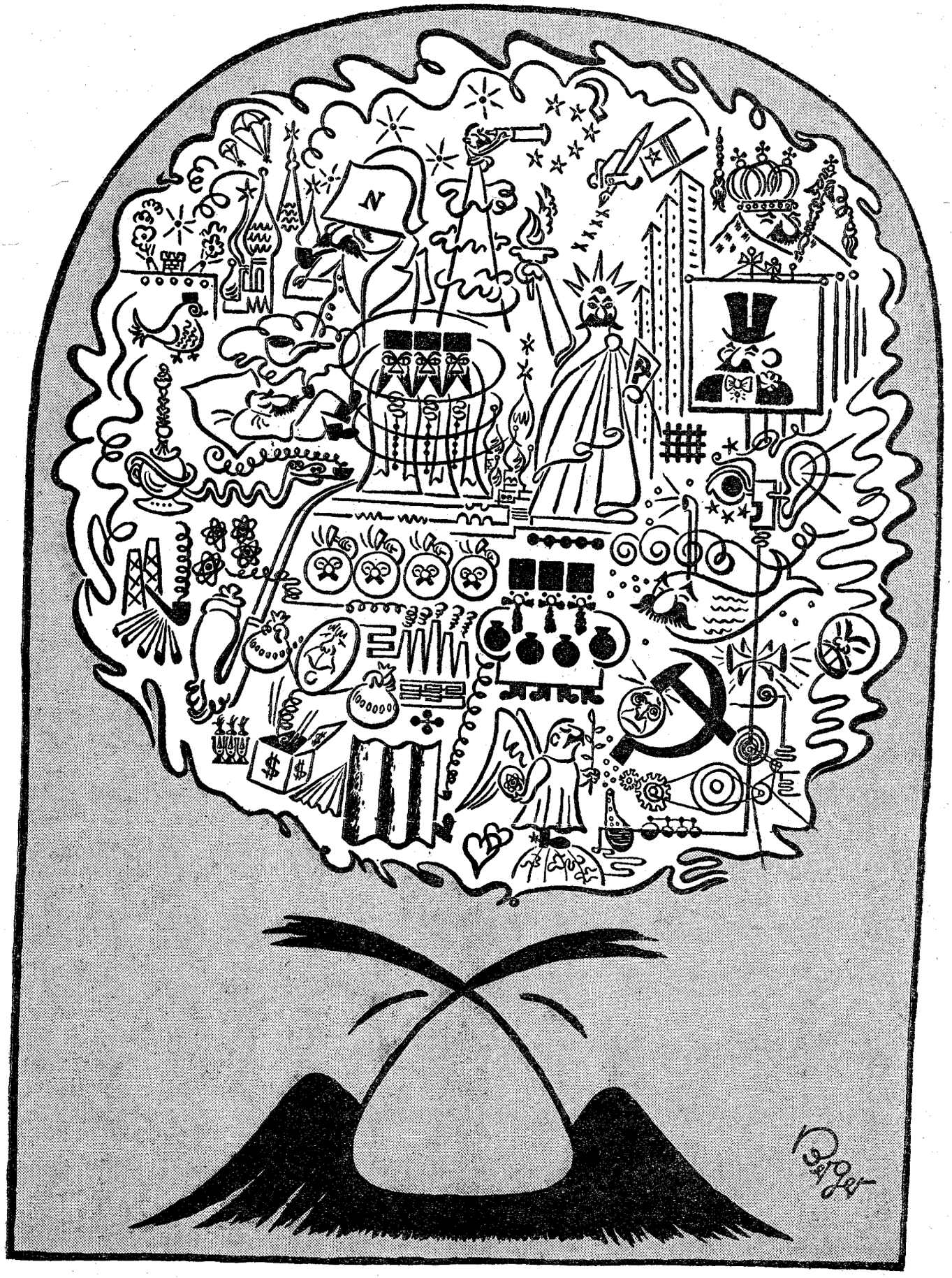


STALIN'S MIND

BY OSCAR BERGER

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visualize any organism which could coordinate the "Socialist economy" of the Soviet zone and the capitalist economy of the western zones; but in reality the two zones are not so different as all that, with 65 per cent of industry and almost the whole of trade in the Soviet zone still in private hands. Although the prospects of an over-all agreement look remote at the moment, the elements of a limited economic settlement are there, especially if both sides are more or less agreed that the neutralization of Germany is desirable.

I should like to examine one fact which, though it sticks out a mile, has oddly enough not received much comment. That is the decision of the Russians, taken before they came to Paris, not to bother for the present about German public opinion but to arrive at such agreement as they might with the West whether the Germans, including the German Communists, liked it or not.

When I was recently in Poland, Polish opinion was becoming increasingly perturbed by the prospect of a Russian-German rapprochement, and anti-government elements had started quite an effective whispering campaign suggesting that before very long there would be a Russo-German deal at Poland's expense. Whether the Russians ever seriously considered such a move is hard to say, but tampering with the Polish-German border was certainly not entirely out of the question—but that was some time before the Paris meeting.

*Paris, June 6 (by Cable)*

The adoption of the secret-session procedure was considered a hopeful sign, but after four secret meetings the Foreign Ministers struck one of those setbacks which are so familiar to anyone who has watched earlier sessions of the council. A dinner given by Secretary Acheson for Vishinsky was limited to drinking and irrelevancies, and an agreement on Berlin is no nearer than it was a week ago. The folly of the blockade, which boundlessly antagonized the Berliners against Russia, is making the question of free elections in Berlin more difficult than ever, even if a compromise is possible on the voting procedure in the Kommandatura. Perhaps the loss of decisive influence in Berlin is the price the Russians will have to pay if they wish to avoid intensification of the cold war and to find a means of restoring trade between East and West. Some observers already are saying that a Berlin settlement is unattainable under present conditions and that the council will limit itself to a minimum result—easier Western access to Berlin against an East-West trade arrangement. However, though the present meeting of the ministers may achieve only such small results, there is no impression that it will end in a bust-up. On the contrary, it is expected to establish the principle of the continuity of the council—in distinction to the Moscow and London conferences—with the ministers meeting again after a relatively short interval.

# *David and Goliath*

BY THOMAS SANCTON

*Washington, June 3*

IN A klieg-lighted setting somewhat like the cluttered background of a movie company's sound stage, a cheaply contrived melodrama with ominous undertones went into production this week before the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy. In the script the Senator who played the standarized "Mr. District Attorney" role—Bourke B. Hickenlooper of Iowa—said right at the beginning that the administrative record of David E. Lilienthal was the only matter at issue and that the inquiry was not concerned with the question of civilian versus military control of the atom bomb. But most of the audience and all of the press corps knew that the hearing was just another episode in the struggle of the generals and munitions makers for control of the atomic program, a struggle which has been going on since the days of the "Manhattan District" project.

In taking on the job of discrediting Lilienthal as an incompetent administrator, or worse—in the House Representative Dondero accused him of "betraying" his country—Senator Hickenlooper and the group he represents have launched on one of the most cynical political adventures of the post-war period. "I have continuously supported the principle of civilian control," said Senator Hickenlooper, in opening a prosecution which, if successful, will have the practical effect of condemning a civilian administrator whose sixteen years' record of achievement is one of the bright pages of government in the "Roosevelt era." "My charges go solely and entirely to the question of Mr. Lilienthal as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. This committee and the American public will be the judge."

Like the traditional invocation of the muse of poetry with which all epics in verse once began, these spurious introductions to reactionary and obstructive speeches have become the standard procedure of the anti-Administration coalition in the Eighty-first Congress. Senator Taft employs the technique consistently, and Senator Vandenberg developed it in a contemporary masterpiece which was delivered as a protest against a ruling of Barkley's but had the effect of killing President Truman's civil-rights program. In comparison with such unc-

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tousness, the lying of the Hearst press seems somehow wholesome. The real purpose of the Lilienthal smear, for instance, was clearly set forth in an editorial in the New York *Mirror*:

> The atom bomb is the product of the army, assisted by the manufacturers and scientists. This masterly achievement was directed by General Leslie R. Groves of the United States army. When the war was over, the scientists started a terrific propaganda, not only advertising themselves as the sole producers of the bomb but also that it should be given away free to all comers. They gave the impression of regarding themselves as superior to Congress and above the law of the land. . . . When Congress transferred the atomic-energy activities from the national defense to the civilian Atomic Energy Commission, it did so with considerable distrust. It appointed a permanent Congressional committee to guard over the world of the commission, and it required the FBI to protect this country against disloyalty and treason. During the whole period and up to now, be it remembered, scientists have continued a well-organized and well-financed propaganda to give the bomb away. . . . This commission should be abolished, and all the activities relating to the bomb should be restored to the national defense, that is, under military operation and control.

Hickenlooper's presentation of the prosecution's case was not very impressive—even, apparently, from the point of view of most of his Republican colleagues on the joint committee, who were noticeably faint-hearted in joining him in the attack. But the record of the Eighty-first Congress indicates that its capacity for obstructive activity can hardly be overestimated. Lilienthal has made his usual dogged and resourceful defense, but it is a defense with a grave weakness in the present Washington atmosphere, for it is based on a rational appeal and a genuinely democratic philosophy. In a capital in which such concepts as "loyalty" and "security" are increasingly interpreted in terms of malignant suspicion and irrationality, the appeal to facts and democratic principles is sometimes the weakest argument to make.

Hickenlooper's charges of "incredible mismanagement" have been founded chiefly on a skimpy accumulation of errors of the sort which can always be discovered in the day-to-day transactions of any government agency. One-seventh of an ounce of fissionable uranium was unaccountably missing in the Chicago laboratory; in a security test on the West Coast an AEC agent removed two uranium bars and their absence was not noted by the laboratory staff. Less clearly an "error," more open to debate as involving the question of free inquiry, was the fact that Hans Freistadt, a graduate student at the University of North Carolina and an acknowleged Communist, was given a $1,600 AEC fellowship for studies in physics. In discussing the Chicago incident Lilienthal said, "I don't object to being given hell for it." But it was also brought out at the hearing that Lilienthal had never acted against policy decisions taken by a majority vote of the five-member commission, and in only two cases had he voted in dissent from the majority. One accusation on which Hickenlooper counted heavily was that there had been an 87 per cent turnover in the personnel of the project in two years, but this was shown to be only slightly higher than the average turnover in all government services during the same period; it was actually lower than the turnover in the civilian-employee groups of the army. Hickenlooper's analysis unintentionally revealed that the general post-war movement of government workers into private industry has been accelerated by precisely such witch-hunting sensationalism as characterizes his conduct of the prosecution.

Lilienthal, who must of course assume responsibility for every administrative error large or small that can be demonstrated, can defend his organization only by comparing its accomplishments with those of the earlier Manhattan District and with the work of other government agencies. He has asked that the committee consider five major factors: (1) production figures and the improved design of the atomic bomb; (2) production of the basic fissionable materials; (3) progress in research; (4) physical security; (5) personal security. And he has asked that the committee compare the present situation with that at the beginning of 1947, when the commission took over after the military administration of General Groves. Hickenlooper argues that this comparison is irrelevant.

SCARE words and fright symbols are worn rather thin by now after a long succession of public hearings and press reports on such matters as the bomb, loyalty, security, spies, and related sensations of the day. As a consequence, the general public is somewhat anaesthetized to the genuinely frightening possibilities raised by this political adventure. Hardly a day passes without the live and unedited debate in Congress or the comments of diplomats or military figures revealing in unequivocal fashion that there is a powerful group in Washington which favors a preventive war. Hundreds of statements could be cited to prove it. Yet the fact that this group is reaching for control of the atomic program and the bomb stockpile somehow fails to stir much public feeling.

The late James Forrestal—for all the admirable personal qualities which won him the loyalty of so many friends—was a leading figure in the pro-war party, or, to phrase it less controversially, the party which assumed that war was inevitable. Early this year Forrestal had a bill introduced in the Senate which, had it passed, would have empowered him to send a military mission to any place where in his opinion the interest or security of the United States was threatened. According to Harold B. Hinton, writing in the New York *Times* of May 29,

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Forrestal also at one time urged the President to restore control of the bomb to the military establishment. The possibility that the bomb might be taken from Lilienthal's civilian commission and returned to the Pentagon clique—to figures with the outlook of the late Defense Secretary, or General Groves, or Representative Cannon of the House Appropriations Committee, or Representative Dewey Short of the House Military Affairs Committee, or Senator Hickenlooper himself—seems to me something that really calls for scare heads. But there are apparently none left over for this purpose on the copy desks.

# *If Peace Breaks Out*

BY STUART CHASE

ON PEACE DAY the New York *Times* carried an eight-column streamer: "Russians Sign Lilienthal-Acheson Plan: Amended Pact Ends Atomic War Threat." The story tells of crowds cheering, singing, praying, in Pennsylvania Avenue, Herald Square, Pall Mall, Place de la Concorde, even the Red Square. Years of nightmare tension are suddenly released. The world goes wild with joy.

Not quite all the world. The *Times's* special jumbo edition includes several dissenting opinions: "More Squandered Billions—Wherry"; "Communist Plot—McCormick." Mr. Hearst is not pleased either, while Westbrook Pegler is quoted as saying that the entire Administration ought to be shot. "I'm the only American left in America." Still, most of the 2.2 billion members of the human race who hear the news are very happy.

Three days earlier the Federal Reserve Board released a financial summary of the United States. It too made happy reading in its way. The post-war inflation of course had long since come to an end, but after a salutary shakedown in prices and costs, gross national income had leveled out at $250 billion and unemployment at two million. Prosperity seemed assured for some time to come. Consumers, the story went on, had given up their buyers' strike and flocked to the stores again, now that prices were at levels which they considered reasonable. The stock market was having a little rally of its own. Strikes were at a ten-year minimum in man-days lost.

Federal expenditures were running close to $45 billion a year, more than half of it for military and power-politics outlays. Costs of the Atlantic Pact, much of the Marshall Plan, subsidies to Germany and Japan and elsewhere, when added to straight outlays for guns, aircraft, tanks, and atomic bombs, totaled $25 billion. Federal income did not reach $45 billion at current tax rates, and the Treasury was running a deficit again, though not a great one.

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*STUART CHASE has written a number of books on matters that urgently concern Americans—among them, "Democracy Under Pressure," "For This We Fought," and, most recently, "The Proper Study of Mankind."*

Many people still believed that dollars voted for foreign aid in some mysterious way disappeared. Nothing of the kind was happening. Foreigners do not use dollars abroad; try paying a Paris taxi driver with a dollar bill. Foreigners send the dollars back for American goods, and thus make jobs for American workers and farmers. Every cent is finally spent right here; indeed, most of the dollars appropriated for foreign aid never leave the country at all. The *stuff* goes—the wheat, tractors, machine tools, generators—but the dollars stay.

At the time of the Federal Reserve Board's report, the United States economy had in effect a gigantic "public-works" program totaling $25 billion in operation, underwriting its prosperity. This was five times greater than anything Mr. Roosevelt had ever been able to batter through Congress in New Deal days. The famous "lend-spend" bill only called for some $4 billion.

IN BRIEF, said the Federal Reserve Board, everything was fine. Then followed the signing of the Lilienthal Plan and days of rejoicing. Amended so that the Soviet government was satisfied with inspection procedure, and with the rapid release of atomic power for industry, the plan overcame all serious objections. The United States Atomic Energy Commission had succeeded in developing a practicable atomic prime mover, and this is probably what won the Russians and the Chinese over. They needed such an engine to build up local industry and standards of living—one in which a few pounds of fuel released thousands of horse-power. The engine was theirs by signing the pact. The know-how and techniques, under proper safeguards, were to be placed at the disposal of the peoples of the world.

The farsighted saw another cause for rejoicing. The creation of the World Atomic Authority offered at last a *functional* basis for a world state. Other functions—conservation, communication, world airways, world food supply, epidemic control, displaced persons, the World Bank—could be tied on to it in due course. This was a sounder way to build One World than trying to create it *de novo* by a paper constitution.

The sky was blue as the bells rang out. At formal cere-

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monies in every capital decorations were awarded, toasts drunk, speeches delivered, flowers strewn. Lower Broadway was a foot deep in torn-up telephone books. The Iron Curtain was lifted and celebrations were held at the frontiers. Shostakovich and Copland composed anthems to Russian-American friendship.

And then—. Doubts and disillusionment came first in financial circles. Operators in Wall Street and in the United States commodity markets, the members of the N. A. M., big wholesalers, and big department-store executives began to do some figuring. At night, after their wives were sound asleep, they lay awake figuring. Twenty-five billion dollars knocked out of the United States economy in the coming year! That's a lot of jack. That's between five and ten million jobs knocked out. How will it affect my business? Less demand for steel, coal, aluminum, rubber, oil, cement, lumber, cotton, wool, wheat, canned goods, tractors, machine tools, chemicals—all the supplies which sustain armies, navies, and air forces. Twenty-five billion dollars of orders wiped off the books, practically overnight!

That means trouble, plenty of trouble. The tycoon trembles on his beauty-rest mattress. I'd better start retrenching, he thinks. That new wing on the factory, that order for sheet steel, that branch in Tuscaloosa, those new delivery trucks. The beauty-rest shakes again. He reaches the office next morning with his face set. The retrenchment is conducted with our traditional American efficiency.

Within a month of the day when peace broke out, the United States economy begins to slide. Headlines like these appear: Market Breaks Wide Open; Ticker Forty Minutes Behind—Wheat, Corn, Oats Drop Limit; No Bids at Bottom—New Investment at Standstill—Jobless Cross Four Million Mark—Lawrence Mills Lay off 5,000—Construction Slumps—Steel Output Off—New Bank Loans Drop Third Week in Row—Used-Car Market Caves in—Retail Sales Down 12 Per Cent.

Another month goes by, and even the President's Advisory Committee is forced to admit that business is in a corkscrew descent rivaling that of December, 1929. As it swings, the rest of the Western world, and large sections of the Eastern, begins to gyrate, too.

Joy and ruin simultaneously! One remembers the "peace scares" which shook the market in 1944; one remembers the bitter "paradox of plenty." Must prosperity depend upon disaster? World War I took us out of the depression of 1914. World War II ended the chronic unemployment of the 1930's. The cold war sustained the post-war boom. Is peace intolerable in the era of mass-production?

President Truman calls a bipartisan conference to answer these questions, before the situation gets completely out of hand. The Kremlin is smiling broadly and saying to the world: "What did we tell you about those capitalists? One puff, and their system explodes from its inner contradictions!"

The President calls the meeting to order. Practically everybody is there—Bernard Baruch, Herbert Hoover, Beardsley Ruml, Chester Bowles, Raymond Fosdick, Henry Luce, Evans Clark, Paul Hoffman—everybody. What is the agenda? what will the subcommittees report? what be the grand conclusions? Even Drew Pearson quails at this assignment. His prediction rate falls from a steady 81 per cent accurate to 74.

THIS, friends, is about as far as my imagination will carry me. I have imagined one result of Peace Day, based on the thesis of the disaster economy—the bigger the disaster, the greater the prosperity. It fits the last decades pretty well. That other, and happier, results are possible I would not deny.

Let us return to 1949 and think about what Congress, the Administration, labor leaders, farmers, business men, might do to get ready for that momentous day when peace breaks out. They might take a hint from a question which a G. I. tank driver once asked me in a discussion of post-war problems at Fort Hamilton. He was to sail very soon for the battlefields of France. He got to his feet and hesitated a moment. "Well," he said, "if the country can keep prosperous making tanks for men like us to die in, why can't it keep prosperous making houses for people to live in?" Everyone who cares about the future of America and the world should have this question pasted under the glass top of his desk, or over his work bench, or over the sink in the kitchen.

If $25 billion for tanks goes out of the economy, something must come in—or else. What can the something be? It could be a great housing program, as the soldier said. It could be a health program for all Americans; it could be more highways, schools, hospitals. In place of $25 billion of "illth"—as Ruskin once called waste, loss, and lethal weapons—an equal amount of wealth. This is what we have to do; shift some eight million jobs from illth to wealth. If we just cancel the illth, the economy will drop like a plummet, and soon both consumers and business men will be so alarmed that even the remaining output of "goods" will be seriously reduced, as it was between 1930 and 1933.

Someone inquires, "Where's the money coming from?" That is a fair question, if somewhat shopworn. If we can finance $25 billion of waste without undue strain, why can't we finance an equal amount of wealth? A modern state, according to the London *Economist*, "can finance anything it can produce."

During the war nobody asked where the money was coming from; they asked where the raw materials and man-power were coming from. One could name a score of men who have the technical ability to arrange the financing of the shift from illth to wealth. It is small

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potatoes compared with what these same men accomplished in financing a $300-billion war.

War finance demolished the arguments and warnings of the "money-first" school of economic philosophers, who promised dire ruin all through the 1930's if the national debt should ever reach $50 billion. Well, it reached $279 billion without ruin. Now it is $252 billion.

NOBODY can guarantee that such a transfer will succeed. Economics is not yet an exact science. By the same token nobody can guarantee that it will fail. The probability of success based on past experience is encouraging; and it is better to take what risk remains than go to hell in a hack. We tried that from 1929 to 1933.

Houses instead of tanks are fine, but for long term outlays to balance the business cycle there is, I believe, something even better. Houses ought to be built anyway, together with hospitals and schools, when currently needed. A Fifty-Year Plan—keep calm, Mr. Pegler, just try to hold on—*to restore the resource base* of America would have the advantage of being flexible. The appropriations could be turned on and off within wide limits. Suppose we list the major tasks:

1. The water table of the whole Far West is sinking, and unless we come to terms with the hydrologic cycle, about half our country ultimately will become a desert.

2. Equally important is erosion control on that half of America east of the twenty-inch rainfall line.

3. Expanded programs are needed to restore forests, grasslands, wild life, so mercilessly demolished on our triumphal march from Atlantic to Pacific. Europe has been bombed and devastated, yes, but the soil of Western Europe is still securely in place, and richer than it was in Caesar's time. The way things are going, Europe may some day have to raise a Marshall Plan for us.

4. A series of multiple-purpose river developments, like the TVA.

5. Allied to the foregoing is a great project for halting stream pollution, which now poisons practically every river in the Republic. We can spend billions on this over the years with great advantage to the health, sanitation, scenery, and recreation of America.

These five items are, for the long run, as fundamental forms of wealth as one can imagine—water, soil, minerals, forests, grassland. They tend to restore the assets most depleted by war and foreign relief. Techniques are available in the Soil Conservation Service, the Forest Service, the TVA, and elsewhere to design such a Fifty-Year Plan with a minimum of loss, leak, and friction. The Public Affairs Institute in Washington has prepared a very fine program in "Our Conservation Job." Much research is still needed, of course, and should be part of the plan. Conservation, furthermore, encounters a minimum of vested interests.

Well, let us tuck this thought under the door of Mr. Truman's conference imagined earlier. With such a program in operation, the Federal Reserve Board could continue its cheerful reports. The United States could not go down in a financial maelstrom, dragging the planet with it. Here is one way to keep a world made happy by Peace Day, happy after Peace Day.

# *Why Sweden Won't Join*

BY HJALMAR MEHR

*Stockholm, May* 20

IN SWEDEN the Atlantic Pact caused no serious friction among political parties, classes of society, or individual citizens. In fact, the Swedes were only mildly aware that discussions regarding the pact were going on. Of course if the government or any of the political parties had definitely urged Swedish participation, the situation might have been different. As it was, people rarely mentioned the matter. A few liberal newspapers argued that Sweden should join, but their efforts had little influence on public opinion.

The reason for this indifference is a simple one. The government was pursuing the traditional policy of Sweden, a policy which has made it possible for the country to enjoy peace for 135 years and to survive two world wars without damage. Why, then, should it suddenly go in for taking risks? Some people might call this reluctance to take risks by the ugly name of cowardice, but that would be ridiculous. During the Hitler era the Swedish people were constantly ready to defend their liberty and independence, and the same spirit prevails today. Any attempt against their democracy from inside or outside the country would be met by an unhesitating, determined fighting spirit.

Otherwise the Swedes are certainly not war-minded at the moment. The man in the street does not believe in war, and if fighting broke out again—which he prefers not to discuss in advance—he would certainly not want to be drawn in. He does not care to see his country in the role of a "forward bulwark." Individual heroism is highly valued, but foreign politics are considered too

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serious a matter to be handled emotionally. Does this attitude smell like Mussolini's *sacro egoismo*? The Swede answers: What about other nations? Don't they try to safeguard their own interests?

Now and then you find a speculative Swede who weighs the pros and cons and asks himself: If Russia were to attack Sweden because it had joined the Atlantic Pact, we could of course expect help from abroad, but how much help? and when? If Russia should try to take a bite of Europe in some other spot at the same time, some spot which America considered more important than Sweden, what then? Probably we should be compelled to fight alone for quite a while. So was Charles XII—and we know what happened.

Moreover, why provoke undesirable Communist activity just now, when the Swedish party is lying low after the serious losses it suffered in the last elections? These losses were the result of the general indignation about events in Czechoslovakia and Berlin. Our speculative Swede, pondering the broader aspects of the Atlantic Pact and Swedish participation, comes to the conclusion that Russia might regroup its forces to meet the altered situation and threaten all Scandinavia. What would then become of Finland? Sweden's membership in the Atlantic Pact, instead of serving peace, would actually create new danger spots. Thus the neutrality which to an outsider may look like pure egotism may really help to prevent another war.

If someone asks this Swede, "Don't you feel that you ought to react more vigorously to world events?" he answers: Look at the Swedish press; it shows how we react. It reports what our politicians have said about the Soviets' internal regime and about Russian methods in foreign politics. We are just as outspoken now as we ever were. Sweden is a free country with a free press, but why let freedom of thought and expression lead us into an incautious foreign policy?

The thoughts of our Swede run on: Who really stands behind the Atlantic Pact? Is it not mainly one great power, the United States? We like the United States for its first-rate technical achievements, its speed, its efforts in World War II, its standards, movies, jazz, and what not. But there is a lot we find difficult to understand. Our workers wonder why there is no good solid labor party over there as in all other Northern countries. Truman's victory, on the basis of a program as progressive as ours, was splendid, and so are his proposed social laws. His efforts to repeal anti-trade-union legislation and to establish the equality of Negroes are all to the good. But there are some disturbing factors. All those generals who have so much to say about foreign policy—maybe some day they will side with Franco and other dictators. Can the many progressive minds in the United States, the masses of honest liberals, cope with all the other influences?

If the Swedish government, he reflects, should break the continuity of the country's traditional foreign policy by joining a bloc, the result would be confusion and disunity. When all is said and done, its ancient honest neutrality is the safest way for Sweden. And who can say that this means fewer duties and lighter burdens? On the contrary, the Swedish people's responsibility for their own freedom becomes much greater.

WHEN discussions concerning participation in the Atlantic Security Pact started and it was rumored that the United States might eventually demand bases in Norway, the Swedish government offered Norway and Denmark a Scandinavian defense pact: if one of the three countries were attacked, the other two would come to its rescue. This increase of responsibilities was accepted by all the Swedish political parties except the Communists. It was generally agreed that such a treaty was necessary to keep the North out of bloc politics. The Danes also would have liked to stand aside from blocs, but the Norwegians took a different view. They declined to risk another April 9, 1942, when they were attacked despite their neutrality, and consequently they chose to be protected by a great power. So the North has been split.

Swedes often fail to understand Norwegian political reactions. Immediately after the German collapse in 1945 the Norwegians were extremely pro-Russian, so much so that the Norwegian Labor Party, to the dismay of Swedish labor, entered into discussions with the Communists concerning an amalgamation of the two parties into one united workers' party. The plan fell through, but the Swedes say that just as the Norwegians now realize they were too hasty at that time, they may later regret rushing into the Atlantic Pact. There seems to be considerable confusion of thought in Norway, and the Swedish observer asks himself if the nation is as united as the decision of the Storting would lead one to believe. Quite a few Norwegians think there was a little too much hurry about joining, though many find comfort in the fact that they are following the same line as England—English labor, they say, is sure to know what is right.

The Danish government worked indefatigably for the Swedish idea of Scandinavian defense and put forward no arguments for the Atlantic Pact in the press or elsewhere. Then suddenly it changed over, and Danish participation was an accomplished fact. Thanks to the people's confidence in their government there was no disturbance. Denmark is so small a nation that its longing for the protection of a big brother is perhaps understandable.

Unfortunately, the refusal of Norway and Denmark to enter into a Scandinavian alliance instead of the Atlantic Pact postpones the economic, social, and political unity of the North for an indefinite period.

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# Vermont's New Dealing Yankee

BY MELVIN S. WAX

*Rutland, Vermont*

FOR the second time in 158 years Vermont is executing a political about-face. In 1791, after fourteen years as an independent republic, the Green Mountain State deigned to join the Union. Now, after more than a century and a half of almost uninterrupted conservatism, Vermont has decided to go liberal. The decision was affirmed last November when the handsome, forty-eight-year-old Ernest W. Gibson, a Brattleboro lawyer and a protégé of Senator George D. Aiken, was reelected governor.

The significance of Gibson's victory was overlooked by most political observers. To the uninitiated the election of another Republican governor in the only state that has never elected a Democrat to a major office was about as startling as the C. I. O.'s refusal to indorse Bob Taft. But Ernest Gibson is not just another Republican. In any state where the tradition of Republicanism was not so overwhelming, he would be a Democrat. Many Democrats might even find some of his views too strong for their palates.

In his first term of office Governor Gibson streamlined state agencies and introduced a number of social reforms that Vermonters had previously refused to accept. He also convinced the state that it did not surrender its sovereignty when it accepted federal aid for highways, education, hospitals, and social-welfare programs. This was a particularly noteworthy accomplishment. Vermont had once refused a federally sponsored $18,000,000 super-highway because it didn't want a strip of "foreign territory" traversing its domain. And in 1938 farmers of West Dummerston armed themselves with rifles to prevent the federal government from building a flood-control dam.

When Gibson took office, one out of four public-school teachers had only a temporary teaching certificate. There were teachers in one-room country schools who had no more than a grammar-school education. Women eighty years old taught because no one else was willing to accept the minimum salary of $1,000 a year. On the Governor's proposal the legislature raised the minimum from $1,000 to $1,500, and for teachers with four years of professional training to $1,800. "If this action hadn't been taken," Gibson says, "at least two hundred of our schools that are operating today would be closed for lack of teachers." The average salary has now risen from $1,594.73 to $2,050.55.

In addition, Governor Gibson established a fund of $400,000 for a compulsory teachers'-retirement program and increased state aid for schools by almost a million dollars. He changed the three state normal schools to teachers' colleges giving four-year instead of two-year courses and awarding Bachelor of Science degrees. Through an intensive recruitment program he increased enrolment in the new teachers' colleges 30 per cent, and he is now planning to expand their facilities again. Vermont is at present better off for teacher replacements than any other New England state.

On Gibson's suggestion the old Department of Public Welfare was abolished and a new Department of Social Welfare created to combine all social services under one administrative head. As a result only 4.5 cents of every dollar spent for welfare purposes in Vermont is chargeable to administrative costs. This record is the best in the nation, and it makes a lot of sense to the average Vermonter.

After lagging for years behind the rest of the country in social services, Vermont was the first state to set up an extensive program for the protection and care of homeless, dependent, and neglected children and children in danger of becoming delinquent. This program was established with the aid of federal funds; in the pre-Gibson days refusal to accept them would probably have made it impossible. At the Brandon state school for the feeble-minded three new seventy-bed dormitories were built by the Gibson administration to help take care of a waiting list of 236. The Weeks school for delinquent children, Gibson discovered, was operated as a penal institution rather than a corrective home. Children were seldom if ever paroled but were kept at the school to work the farm and play in the school band. In consequence they became institutionalized and unable to adapt themselves to society when they were finally let out. Gibson put a new man in charge and instituted what he calls a "rule of love." Corporal punishment was abolished, though the legislature refused to remove it from the statutes, and a parole system designed to give the youngsters a chance to return to society within a year's time was established.

General Merritt A. Edson, who had achieved wartime prominence as the leader of "Edson's Raiders," was made head of a new Department of Public Safety. A state police force, one of the most controversial items

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of Gibson's program, was set up in this department, which also took in the fire marshal's office, formerly in the Banking and Insurance Department, and the bureau of identification, formerly in the Public Welfare Department.

GIBSON financed these measures and the enlarged education program by instituting a remarkably simple graduated personal-income tax, which is now being studied by a number of other states. Its basis is ability to pay. Everyone is allowed an exemption of $500. Persons with taxable incomes between $1,000 and $3,000 pay $10 plus 2 per cent of the excess over $1,000. Those with taxable incomes between $3,000 and $5,000 pay $50 plus 3 per cent of the excess over $3,000; and those with net taxable incomes over $5,000 pay $110 plus 4 per cent of the excess over $5,000. Corporation and franchise taxes have been raised.

Sixty-five per cent of a state building program costing $5,158,900 has been paid for out of current revenue. The remaining 35 per cent was bonded at 1¼ per cent interest, the lowest rate ever charged the financially sound state of Vermont. Vermont was the only state to pay a veterans' bonus ($3,000,000) without borrowing to finance it. And Vermont now has an unexpected cash surplus of $225,648. Its bonded debt is a little over two million, which is less than the indebtedness of its largest city, Burlington, with a population of 26,000. These figures offered little ammunition for the conservative interests attacking the Governor's policies.

Like his friend and mentor, Senator Aiken, Gibson has been a constant source of annoyance to utilities. He supports the St. Lawrence Seaway and is relying on it to ease Vermont's power shortage. And he thinks the government should have more control over the generation and distribution of power. He has said so often, "I am opposed to flooding one foot of fertile farmland," that the alliterative sentence has become a battle-cry of his administration. He maintains that flooding any more Vermont farms to provide hydroelectric power would be economic suicide. In a special message to the legislature this year he asked for a state power authority with the right to build its own generating plants and transmission lines and to buy and sell electricity, but the measure was killed in response to pressure from a public-utilities lobby headed by Albert A. Cree, president of the Vermont Public Service Corporation. He also asked that the utilities be deprived of the privilege of putting a rate increase into effect, before receiving the Public Service Commission's approval, if they merely posted a refundable bond. The 1949 legislature passed a measure incorporating this request. "I do not consider myself hostile to private utilities," Gibson says. "I believe in free enterprise, and I am convinced it is fundamental to our American way of life. But I also believe the price we are forced to pay for electricity in Vermont is too high." (Only four states in the country pay higher rates.)

The Governor also put through his bill to streamline the Public Health Department, and obtained a slight increase in the income-tax rate. The only major item he lost out on was the power authority.

Under Gibson's lead the state is opening its doors to displaced persons. Already almost a thousand farmers have indicated their willingness to give jobs to European D. P.'s. The Governor asked the legislature for up to $10,000 to guarantee towns against having these persons come on their relief rolls.

ALMOST as surprising as the indorsement Vermont has given Gibson's program is the fact that the man was elected in the first place. His opponent in 1946 was Mortimer R. Proctor, seeking a second term. Not since 1853 had a Vermont governor seeking reelection been defeated at the polls. Proctor's grandfather, father, and uncle had been governors before him. The family owns the Vermont Marble Company, one of the state's major industries. Gibson had never held a major elective post, but he was a combat veteran with seventeen months of overseas duty. He had been wounded in action in New Guinea and held the Purple Heart, Silver Star, and Legion of Merit. His father had been Representative and Senator, and had died in office in the summer of 1940; Governor Aiken had then appointed young Ernest to fill the term. During his brief stay in Washington, Gibson made a speech supporting the Selective Service Act that Democratic leader Alben J. Barkley called one of the ablest he had ever heard.

When Gibson first announced his candidacy in the spring of 1946, few people gave him a chance. His victory in the September primaries was probably the biggest political upset in Vermont history. After this defeat the Old Guard rallied and made plans to throw the rascal out in 1948. Their candidate was Lee E. Emerson, the lieutenant governor, a colorless small-town lawyer. Gibson stumped the state, calling on Vermonters to prevent a return to the "rule of reaction." His campaign schedule frequently called for five or six speeches a day. He talked with farmers in the fields and at country stores and knocked on kitchen doors to talk with their wives. He had the support of the Vermont Farm Bureau and the state C. I. O. and A. F. of L. (Vermont was one of the few states that passed no anti-labor bills between 1946 and 1948. During that period there were only two strikes, and both were settled amicably.) His opponents had unlimited funds and the backing of the state G. O. P. machine. But Gibson was renominated in September with a majority of 6,000 and defeated the Democratic candidate in the elections by the usual four-to-one ratio.

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# *Del Vayo*—Socialists Next

WITH everybody's attention concentrated on the meeting of the four Foreign Ministers, almost no notice has been taken of the serious crisis in French politics. Indeed, it is precisely because the powers are in conference at Paris that the growing threat to the life of the Queuille Cabinet has been minimized, for the interests of France would be badly served by a revelation of its internal disunity. However, the causes of the disunity persist, and I feel sure that as soon as the conference ends, the right will resume its attack on the "third force" with new energy.

When Paul Reynaud recently attacked the government's financial plans in the French National Assembly, a superficial observer might have thought that he was only making another effort to cut down government spending and restore the nation to economic health. But no one who has watched the maneuvers of the former Premier since the cantonal elections in April can doubt that his speech was a political act, motivated by much more than his habitual concern for the stability of the franc and increased production.

In the opinion of all who heard him it was one of the best speeches he ever made, and he is probably the most effective orator in the present Parliament. I heard his maiden effort after the war, on his first appearance in the Constituent Assembly. At that time he was considered politically dead, but he displayed all the aplomb of a man who is completely sure of himself. In his recent speech he clearly felt not only restored to favor but the man of the hour. He had just returned from a visit to the United States and had reason to believe that with Europe so subservient to the Washington line the politician who took the firmest stand against socialism would be the one most likely to succeed.

The ultimate goal of Paul Reynaud's offensive is to wreck all that the forces of the Resistance have accomplished in the last four years in the way of nationalizing banking and industry. The next move, I confidently predict, will be to throw the French Socialists out of the government.

In themselves the financial plans which are being attacked by M. Reynaud and his rightist friends are not at all radical. Each year the Socialists in the Third Force governments have found themselves less able to place the tax burden on the well-to-do instead of on the workers. "Many economies and a few taxes" remains the motto of M. Petsche, the Minister of Finance. Only the increased tax on gasoline introduced a disturbing element into routine ministerial labors. If it is harder to balance the budget than it was formerly, the reason is a too ambitious military policy—carrying on war in Indo-China and trying to keep up in the present crazy armament race. The government's other economic difficulties are due to the fact that it has not done half of what it promised a year ago to reduce the costs of distribution but has concentrated its efforts on preventing a rise in wages.

The situation is being used by the parties of the right as a pretext for turning the clock back four years. What Paul Reynaud wants to do—with the secret support even of certain forces in the governmental majority—is to end the nationalizations and permit the political oligarchy which governed the country before 1944 to return to power. At his side, it is interesting to note, stands former Premier Pierre Etienne Flandin, famous for his telegram of congratulation to Hitler after the Munich betrayal.

The financial debate received little attention in the American press, but it was part of an important political operation. The left reacted with great bitterness. For the first time in many months a Socialist supported the views of a Communist leader speaking on social security. But the security which the Socialists now find most threatened is their own, for they know that the purpose of the current agitation against nationalization is to force them out of the government.

I repeatedly reminded the French Socialists with whom I talked in Paris last fall that they were going to be hacked to pieces by the triumphant reaction. I said in *The Nation* that the reactionary forces of Europe, having succeeded in isolating the Communists, would now proceed against the Socialists, aided by the Marshall Plan and American devotion to free enterprise. I foresaw also that the Third Force would inevitably shift from left of center to right of center. That is precisely what is happening now in France.

Under the pretext of barring the way to the Gaullists, and to satisfy their own anti-communism, French Socialists have consented to be the fourth wheel in governments which have retreated farther and farther from the spirit of the Resistance. By this policy the Socialists helped start the chariot of reaction rolling. Now forces farther to the right can serve as the fourth wheel of a new government and provide the necessary votes. The trend is away from Léon Blum toward De Gaulle.

When last December I wrote several columns in these pages urging the left to revise their theory that De Gaulle was finished, I knew very well what I was talking about. What produced my alarm was not so much the activities of the Gaullists themselves as certain comments I had heard from influential French Socialists. Their repugnance to any compromise with De Gaulle was not so great as their determination to keep the Communists out of the government. But the sadly amusing fact was that if some of the Socialists were ready to swallow De Gaulle, De Gaulle was not ready to swallow them. It is the same old story: the Socialists are used by the reaction and then thrown out.

A combination of events—the meeting of the Big Four in Paris, the general opposition to joining forces with the Gaullists evinced at the recent Congress of the M. R. P.—has temporarily postponed the offensive of the right against the Socialists, but the direction French politics are taking is clear. And once the Socialists have been driven out of the government in France, the movement will be extended to other countries. The "new look," however, although the creation of Paris dressmakers, was primarily designed to please Washington.

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# SO THEY SAID

BY TIM TAYLOR

THAT CHAMPION of reaction, Fulton Lewis, Jr., has had the wind spilled from his right-tilted sails again by the radio critic of the New York *Herald Tribune*, John Crosby. It was Crosby who two weeks before the last Presidential election charged that Lewis was not a commentator but an unrestrained Republican campaigner. His air time, Crosby said, should "be paid for and listed by the Republican National Committee."

*Broadcasting*, a radio trade magazine, recently asked Lewis for comment on charges made by Giraud Chester, assistant professor of speech at Cornell, in the spring issue of the *Public Opinion Quarterly*. Under the title What Constitutes Irresponsibility on the Air? Mr. Chester dissected three vicious campaigns conducted by Lewis —against cooperatives, the government housing program, and price control.

Lewis told *Broadcasting* that the Chester article had been ordered by a "national magazine" and rejected "because it was shot with 'inaccuracies and misstatements.'" "So, may I ask," added the commentator, "'what constitutes irresponsibility in print?'"

Crosby discussed the controversy on May 31:

> This whole statement is shocking. The national magazine was the *American Mercury*. . . . The article was rejected, but Angoff [Charles Angoff, managing editor] told me personally that it was not because of "inaccuracies and misstatements." . . . Mr. Chester leaned over backward to be fair to Fulton Lewis, Jr. Far from being irresponsible, the article was written almost as carefully as a legal brief and contained fifty-three footnotes—a whale of a lot of footnotes for a ten-page article—documenting every allegation.
>
> You got any more questions on what constitutes irresponsibility in print, Mr. Lewis, just address them to me. I'll be glad to enlighten you.

DREW PEARSON, who has filed a libel action against Westbrook Pegler for his attack on Pearson's and Winchell's radio reporting of the career of the late James Forrestal, presented his side of the story in two columns printed in the New York *Mirror* on May 31 and June 1. Excerpts follow:

> If the navy had taken proper precautions instead of minimizing the facts, Jim Forrestal would be alive today. . . . Illness such as Jim Forrestal experienced . . . cannot be pushed aside or overlooked. It must be treated. Yet during most of last winter, when Jim Forrestal was under heavy responsibility and definitely not a well man, the little coterie of newspapermen who now insinuate Jim was killed by his critics encouraged him to stay on.
>
> The real fact is that Jim Forrestal had a relatively good press. Examine the newspaper files to see that his press was far better than that of some of his old associates. . . .
>
> If we are to withhold criticism of a man because of possible illness or danger to his life, then Congressional investigations, a free press, and our entire system of government by checks and balances becomes difficult. . . .

Understanding the value of suspense, Pearson closed with this statement:

> There were other factors in his [Forrestal's] life that made him unhappy, and when my libel suit against Westbrook Pegler goes to trial, the evidence will be fairly conclusive as to what they were.

The Pegler columns were inserted in the *Congressional Record* by an arch-enemy of Pearson and Winchell, Representative Clare Hoffman (R., Mich.). It will be interesting to see who inserts the Pearson replies.

BILLY ROSE, in his inimitable circus-poster style, said in the *Herald Tribune* on June 1:

> For years I've believed that the striped-pants brigade consisted of dolts, dipsos, and dollar-happy dans who had gotten their plushy posts by ponying up to the party in power. But, by, large, and in the round, the embassy bossmen I met on my trip turned out to be smart Josephs, whose smartness didn't stop with the cut of their cutaways.

All Rose's columns read like that. It's possible his style is traceable to his early days as a lyric writer. But to get back to his June 1 column:

> For instance and example, take James Bruce, our ambassador to Argentina. Jim is a likable and well-liked gent who plays his cards close to his belt buckle and refuses to take any wooden pesos. The pinkos down there accuse him of being a white-o, and the white-os bawl him out for being a pinko, but—as Perón and his lady have learned—this American business man is strictly a red, white, and blue-o.

Now, most men would blush upon reading their byline over such stuff, but Rose had particular reason to redden since his article appeared on the same page with Joseph Alsop's, which began:

> There is an excellent chance that the London embassy will shortly be sold for cash on the barrelhead. The purchaser, if the deal goes through, is expected to be the present ambassador to the Argentine, James Bruce.

This coincidence may have detracted from the important points in the Alsop column, that "the public auction of major offices . . . is beginning to be regarded as a matter of course" and that "Congress should begin at once considering the long-bruited plan for public financing of political campaigns, which would stop this squalid barter."

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# BOOKS *and the* ARTS

## *Essays and Asides*

## THE HAPPY CRITIC

BY MARK VAN DOREN

A GOOD critic, like a good poet, is made as well as born. It is impossible to imagine him without education and experience, or even erudition. He has learned how to do what he does. But he was born, too—born able to learn, and to delight in the exercise of his art. He also is an artist, and as such will never be competent wholly to explain his processes, or to teach others how they may imitate them. It is as hard, or almost as hard, to know how a fine critic arrived at his result as it is to know how a great poem or story took shape in its author's mind. The rest of us had read the work the critic read, just as all of us have lived the life the poet lived; yet we had failed to notice certain things, or to see how they combined with other things to produce the final effect which now, in the critic's words, is clearly before us.

A good critic, then, is born as well as made; and Ben Jonson, whom I paraphrase, would not I think protest the conversion of his terms. I am not so sure about my own contemporaries. Their perpetual discussion of what criticism is rarely pauses for contemplation of the fact, if it is a fact, that good critics are rare and wonderful, and not easily explained. To me it is a fact, and I take pleasure in contemplating it. The method of a given critic, or his knowledge, or his seriousness—these are important things to consider, but the sum of them is a little less important than the presence in him of genius if he has it. If he hasn't it, nothing else that he has will save him in the long run.

Genius in a critic is sense. I do not mean common sense, though that is a great thing; nor do I mean anything negative. Of course the good critic is no kind of fool, and of course he has what all men have in common; but these are not enough. I suppose I mean wisdom—the fullest, the most natural, the freest and happiest sense of what is true. The good critic is free of his knowledge and his method. And he is free of the delusion that he can explain everything in the author he treats, or that he can say once and for all what literature is, has been, should be. His seriousness does not make him dull; rather, it makes him light—not heavy, at any rate. He may not know what literature is, but he does know how it lives and breathes, and how it can make us happy. He himself knows how to be happy in the way that none but serious persons are. Not cheerful, not complacent, not easily pleased; but *when* pleased, capable of joy. We cannot take seriously one who is incapable of joy.

The foregoing must sound strange in this grim time when literature is so seldom enjoyed. By the critics, anyway. It is all work for them and no play, and I have actually encountered laymen—neither writers nor critics—who thought them dull boys. Let us not say that, but let us regret with T. S. Eliot that it has become so difficult in recent decades for anyone to be what he calls a "normal critic." Dryden for Mr. Eliot was such a critic. He practiced the art "before writing about poetry had come to mean philosophizing about it, . . . at a time when neither the fundamental nature of the poetic activity nor the social function of poetry was yet considered the subject matter of literary criticism. . . . In that happy age it did not occur to him to inquire what poetry was *for*, how it affected the nerves of listeners, how it sublimated the wishes of the poet, whom it should satisfy, and all the other questions which really have nothing to do with poetry as poetry; and the poet was not expected to be either a sibyl or a prophet. The purpose of poetry and drama was to *amuse;* but it was to amuse properly; and the larger forms of poetry should have a moral significance; by exhibiting the thoughts and passions of man through lively image and melodious verse, to edify and to refine the reader and auditor."

"I do not know," adds Mr. Eliot, "that we have improved upon this conception of the place and function of poetry." Indeed we have not, but it is depressing to note how few of Mr. Eliot's admirers have been moved by what he says here, and to realize how many of them must have jumped to his implied conclusion that it was easy in Dryden's time to do what Dryden did. No one else was doing it. Thomas Rymer, for instance, was doing the dull things we do, with enormous industry and impressive system; he was applying "the rules" to Shakespeare. He was not without merit, either; but he lacked the genius which in Dryden showed as ease, good nature, wit, and the simple power to see greatness wherever greatness was. Dryden must have seemed to Rymer a careless amateur, without true consistency or a statable plan. Yet he was the first to praise Shakespeare and Chaucer as we praise them now. Judging by the critical equipment he exposed, he should not have known how to do this. But he did know, and that is everything.

Also, he was a master of prose. A good critic must be a good writer, and it is no accident that this is so. I suspect that Rymer was sometimes infuriated by the success of Dryden's essays. It was among other things a literary success; people were ravished by their grace, as people still are. But again this was no accident. Art cannot be praised except by those who have the language; who can say things worthy of their subjects; who can be compendious and memorable; who themselves, though in another mode, are artists too. Rymer, who thought the business of the critic was to instruct the poet against negligence and miscarriage, expressed the fear in 1674 that "some critics are like wasps, that rather annoy the bees than terrify the drones." It did not occur to him that critics can be drones. They can be, even now.

[*Next week Stephen Spender on the future of UNESCO.*]

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## THE GIRL DREAMS THAT SHE IS GISELLE

Beards of the grain, gray-green: the lances
Shiver. I stare up into the dew.
From her white court—enchantress!—
The black queen, shimmering with dew,

Floats to me. In the enchainment
Of a traveling and a working wing
She comes shying, sidelong, settling
On the bare grave by the grain.

And I sleep, curled in my cold cave . . .
Her wands quiver, as a nostril quivers:
The gray veilings of the grave
Crumple; my limbs lock, reverse,

And work me, jointed, to the glance
That licks out to me in white fire
And, piercing, whirrs *Remember*
Till my limbs catch:

life, life! I dance.

RANDALL JARRELL

## Right and Might

*ON POWER.* Its Nature and the History of Its Growth. By Bertrand de Jouvenel. The Viking Press. $5.

"ON POWER" has plenty of flesh, but no lack of bones and sinews. It is confused only because of its richness and honesty. I fail to agree with its conclusion, but I found the discussion a welcome challenge. I'd rather read Maritain or Niebuhr than the local Ingersoll; I'd rather wrangle over power with Jouvenel than nod weary assent to the orthodox democrats.

Six parts, but only three themes—diagnosis of the disease, history of the case, therapy. The bias is expressed from the first: Jouvenel hates the all-devouring state, the "Minotaur," as his master Taine hated the Jacobin, the "crocodile." This is a confession of faith, like Spencer's "Man Versus the State," or Albert Jay Nock's "Our Enemy the State." But the illustrations are richer than in either; and if Jouvenel is no less determined than Taine to hang the accused, he at any rate patiently listens to a long argument.

"Power," in English, is perhaps less ambiguous than "Pouvoir" in French. *Pouvoir* implies the right to command: it is linked with *le Droit, la Loi, la Légitimité. Power* is in poetic language *might*, and in prose sheer *force*; for the man in the street, the cop; for Joseph de Maistre, the hangman. Our ideal, of course, is that right and might should coincide; Jouvenel believes that they are at the same same time antagonistic and inseparable. Might does make right: tyranny, if it endures, loses its crudity; obedience confers upon it a sort of legitimacy; it cannot survive without fulfilling some useful purpose. A brigand, through the magic virtue of power, becomes an administrator. Self-interest breeds conscience. Power refines and educates.

But the reverse is more obviously true. Right, enthroned in power, comes to love power for its own sake. A Chiang Kai-shek may have been at one time a faithful servant of the people's revolution; a Stalin, the devoted apostle of world democracy; a Hitler, the unselfish champion of German dignity. The point inevitably came when everything had to be sacrificed to the sole end of maintaining and expanding the power of Chiang Kai-shek, Stalin, Hitler. Here Lord Acton's dictum applies with full force: power always corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. All the theories of power, all the professed aims of power, must bend to that primal force.

This is well worth repeating, although it had been vigorously said many times before—by William Pitt, Burke, Shelley, among others. More challenging is the idea of power, embodied in the state, as permanent revolution (shades of Trotsky!). For the state, whatever its names or forms, is intolerant of any intermediate, autonomous authority. It must work for unity and equality, that is to say, against the privileged classes. The French kings and the Russian czars were levelers. They were preparing—none too consciously—the dictatorship of the proletariat; and so did, according to the N. A. M., one Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Jouvenel argues powerfully, and in my opinion convincingly, that "liberty" has nothing to do with democracy and very little with so-called representative institutions. His critique of the parliamentary regime is brilliantly destructive. I, who am a libertarian first of all, happen to agree with him. The choice between two machine-made candidates does not interest me much more than the choice—made famous by the late Thomas Hobson—between Stalin and Stalin.

A strong case, however, is made for the all-powerful state. It destroys privileges and promises security. But even in its perfection—most of all in its perfection—it would be the slave-state.

What are the remedies? First of all, according to Jouvenel, to preserve, strengthen, or restore those intermediate powers that the state seeks to destroy—minorities intrenched in their "rights" and "liberties," that is, in their privileges. He sighs for the time when every feudal castle was a kingdom—but the home of the common man was *not* a castle. He believes not only in the House of Lords but in the rotten boroughs, with no nonsense of democratic equality about them. But above all he believes in the necessity of a law above all laws.

For a particular law, even passed by the most constitutional means and with an overwhelming majority, may very well be tyrannical. We have some protection in America through the Supreme Court, defender of the eternal verities. But these verities of the Enlightenment were not wholly free from the democratic virus: they included the self-evident absurdity that all men are created equal. For Jouvenel the law above all laws must be the law of God (his translator indorses the thesis in a very able Epilogue). We need absolute standards, "a code not relative to some contemporary set of interests and pressures." But what is this law of God? For us Bible Christians would it not be Leviticus

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and Deuteronomy? For the Nazis —Dixiecrats or Hitler men—the voice of God unequivocally says race supremacy. For the Moslems, Allah is Allah, and Mohammed his prophet. For the Bolshevists, God—quaintly called No-God but all the more rigorous—spoke through Marx, Lenin, and Stalin. Every tyranny is a theocracy, and vice versa.

I recognize the urgency of the problem, and with D. W. Brogan, who wrote the brilliant Preface, I am grateful to Jouvenel for exploring it so thoroughly. But I reject his medication—privileges and theocracy. My own solution can also be summed up in simple words. The first is *pluralism*. Let us have not power, but powers, each sovereign in its sphere and respectful of the others. The state should not command but coordinate. Let us have decentralization, regional and functional, voluntary associations, and a spiritual domain locked and barred against all the "crats" —auto, demo, aristo, pluto, and theo. The second is good old American doctrine—*eternal vigilance*. It is good to have a powerful machine equipped not merely with three sets of brakes but with a strong motor; but keep your hands on the steering wheel and your eyes on the road.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

## Militant Minority in 1775

*THE VIOLENT MEN*. By Cornelia Meigs. The Macmillan Company. $4.

MISS MEIGS is a political reporter with such wit, understanding of the motives that animate human beings convening together, and mastery of graceful prose that she could go out tomorrow to cover a meeting of the Republican Women's Club of Warren Point, New Jersey, and come back with front-page copy. As it is, she has picked the luscious assignment of sitting in on the first two years of the three fateful meetings of our Continental Congress, from the spring of 1774, when Paul Revere rode south from Boston to rally the other colonies to the aid of Massachusetts, to the hot July day of '76, when the Declaration was read aloud to the sweating delegates in the Philadelphia State House.

The author, a professor of English at Bryn Mawr, has written a number of historical books for youngsters, which, come to think of it, are mighty good qualifications for the job she has undertaken, since she knows how to keep her readers' interest from "kiver to kiver." Of course, the Ph.D.'s with their noses in the annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science will sniff at "Violent Men," since Miss Meigs doesn't wear the livery of the Historians' Guild, is notably non-objective when she picks the leftists in the Congress for her heroes, and is more "journalist" than "historiographer," for which Clio be praised.

"Violent men" was the label with which the majority in our first Congress, ranging from such sincere appeasers of Britain as the learned and aristocratic John Dickinson to such shifty sell-outs as Joseph Galloway, tried to smear the militant minority—John and Samuel Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Patrick Henry, tough Christopher Gadsen of South Carolina, and a handful of others who were sick of humbly petitioning a crazy King and his corrupt placemen in the Ministry and Parliament.

The author knows that what went on "out of doors"—the term used in those tense days for the extracurricular activities of the delegates caucusing in lobbies, taverns, and boarding-houses—was more important than the set speeches on the floor of either Congress or Parliament, except of course when Patrick Henry unwound himself to call for action or Pitt goaded the Lords into sullen rage by his defense of the Americans. Miss Meigs reports on our first large-scale social lobbies, with the conservatives trying to butter up the wary patriots. She goes to John Adams's diary and letters for descriptions of the big parties put on in spacious Philadelphia homes. She tells how the Massachusetts delegates were repeatedly warned by their local followers against mentioning the dreadful word "independence" and how dutifully the Boston men stayed in the background, at any rate in the opening rounds. She tells how nobody could get Sam Adams to any parties: to Galloway's disgust, "he [Adams] eats little, drinks little, sleeps little, thinks much, and is most decisive and indefatigable in pursuit of his objects." One of Sam's "out-of-doors" objects was to get rid of Galloway, who had a fantastic plan of appeasement. The greatest of American agitators accomplished this by organizing the Philadelphia workingmen

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in demonstrations that scared Galloway out of his wits and caused him to leave town. Paul Revere rode down from Boston again with news that Gage was building forts on the Neck and seizing the arms of the patriot militia. He had with him complete copies of the fighting Suffolk Resolves, evidently inspired by Sam Adams. These the Congress indorsed, at the same time turning down the Galloway plan. From then on, the star of the violent men rose.

For her story of what went on in England during these two years the author draws heavily on the writings of brilliant young Josiah Quincy, the Boston patriot who was sent abroad for a rest cure for a tubercular condition but who forgot all about his illness in his zeal for winning converts to the American cause. He presented our case to the leading Whigs, sat with Benjamin Franklin in the gallery of Parliament, heard himself denounced as a traitor fit to be hung at Tyburn, and plunged so eagerly into propagandist activity that he suffered a complete breakdown.

Quincy's "Journal" and his letters home are lively accounts of the attempts of English friends of American freedom to get together a man-sized opposition to what was probably the most corrupt gang of grafters that ever ruled Great Britain. One may quarrel with Miss Meigs's high estimate of our friends in the Parliament. Burke, Barré, Camden, Chatham, Conway, all made grand speeches on our behalf, but they could not get their factious Whigs organized, and since the plain people were no more represented in Parliament than our own colonists, they had no "out-of-doors" support. One has no quarrel, however, with the author's general coverage of the momentous sessions of the first Congress that set us on the march to democracy. Incidentally, the word "democracy" was seldom on the lips of the violent men, though often used invidiously by their opponents. Analogies are dangerous, and it may be that we can learn little from our early history, but just the same it is a heartening experience to follow, through the eyes of a gifted writer, the trials and ultimate triumphs of as great-hearted a group of gallant under-dog fighters as ever met under the American sun.

MCALISTER COLEMAN

## Theater Critic

*IMMORTAL SHADOWS.* A Book of Dramatic Criticism. By Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

IN THE preface to this selection from his reviews during a period of twenty-five years Mr. Young says that "this volume represents the last writing that I shall do on this subject of the theater." It is a commentary on our present theater and its audience that neither of them will be troubled by this statement, though it announces the loss of something absolutely unique and of the utmost importance to both.

Stark Young was not a drama critic in the ordinary sense but a theater critic, and in the much broader sense connoted by that term, the only one of his kind. He focused on what was taking place on the stage not only a profound and cultivated mind but a specific theater sense, a developed eye and ear for the various arts of the theater, for which he had a deeply felt passion and about which he had acquired vast technical knowledge. He was able to see a dramatic production as a composite of elements of which the written play was only one, and could evaluate the specifically theatrical elements by the degree of their success in realizing the dramatic idea of the written play.

For example, in his review of a production of Pirandello's "Henry IV" in 1924 he pointed out why in one respect the play was difficult for our theater.

> The actors in the opening moments . . . could not even cope with the necessary delivery of the words. They not only could not whack out the stresses needed for the mere sense of the lines but had no instinct for taking the cues in such a manner as would keep the scene intact. All that first part of the scene Pirandello means to keep flowing as if it were taking place in one mind; and the actors should establish that unity, speed, and continuity by taking fluidly their lines as if from one mouth.

Further on he made the point that much of the play's meaning would depend on the acting of the central character, and went on to say:

> Mr. Korff is a very good actor indeed in a certain style. He has a fine voice and a good mask in the manner of the Flemish or German schools of painting. But his portrayal of Henry IV lacks most of all distinction and bite. It is too full of sentiment and too short of mental agitation; it has too much nerves and heart and too little brains. The average audience must get the impression from Mr. Korff that we see a man whose life has been fantastically spoiled by the treachery of an enemy, that the fall from his horse began his disaster. . . . But this weakens the whole drama; the root of the tragic idea was in the man's mind long before the accident. . . . The playing of this character . . . needs first of all a dark cerebral distinction and gravity; the tragedy, the irony, the dramatic and philosophical theme depend on that. Mr. Korff has theatrical power and intensity but too much waggling of his head; he is too grotesque and undignified vocally; he has too little precision and style for the part; and not enough intellectual excitement and ideal poignancy. And the very last moment of the play he loses entirely by the rise that he uses in his voice and by the kind of crying tumult that he creates.

This method of perception and evaluation extends to the smallest details of a production, as in the following comments on the Old Vic's "Oedipus Rex":

> These costumes were made with so little fundamental conception of costume-cutting that they were largely without either historical or—what, of course, is the important point—dramatic value. They were also for the most part badly

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worn, not carried with any style at all by the wearers. Most of the wigs had no style or expertness, and the same was true of the make-ups. Beards were not very frequent though historically, if we go in for that, the Greeks did not begin to shave till Alexander's time, nearly a century after this play; and aesthetically, beards, in the right style, help lessen the effect of familiarity and encourage that of the heroic.

"I am not talking about stylization," he added; "I am talking about style as implying the significant relation between the thought and the outward, or visual, expression of it."

But perhaps the most extraordinary example is his essay on Mei Lan-fang. Early in it he remarks that Mei Lan-fang's is an art in an alien tradition and that one must attend it with humility, "trying merely to learn, as one learns a language." Then he proceeds to set down for us what he learned as he observed what was happening on the stage. The mingling of music, speech, and dancing; the masks of the faces with their meaningful colors; the numberless conventions, such as the stage properties and the use of the eyes and hands, and their functions as symbols; the parallels with the Greek and Elizabethan theaters in mechanics and type scenes and in the heightened emotion rising into music; Mei Lan-fang's remarkable poise and control of his body, his oval face and expressive eyes, the beauty of his make-up, the famous hands, and the sharp and pointed diction; his preeminence in the female roles and their importance and significance in the Chinese theater; the startling notes of realism in his highly abstract art—through all this Mr. Young brings to us a full sense of the style, the subtlety, and the perfection of that great artist of a most alien theater.

In effect, writing this way he was writing for the artist in the theater, for whom he created a frame of reference, an aesthetic orientation, and a high tone of aspiration. This is not to say that he should not be read by the Broadway brethren and their admirers. On the contrary, if they were to take the trouble to read, and could read with understanding and humility, we might have a different theater.

Most of these reviews are concerned with events in the twenties and early thirties when, as he says, "there was a remarkable movement in our theater." That movement died, but his remarkable record of it remains for the stimulation and enlightenment of future artists.

PHILIP ROBINSON

## Life of the Liberator

*SIMON BOLIVAR.* By Gerhard Masur. University of New Mexico Press. $6.50.

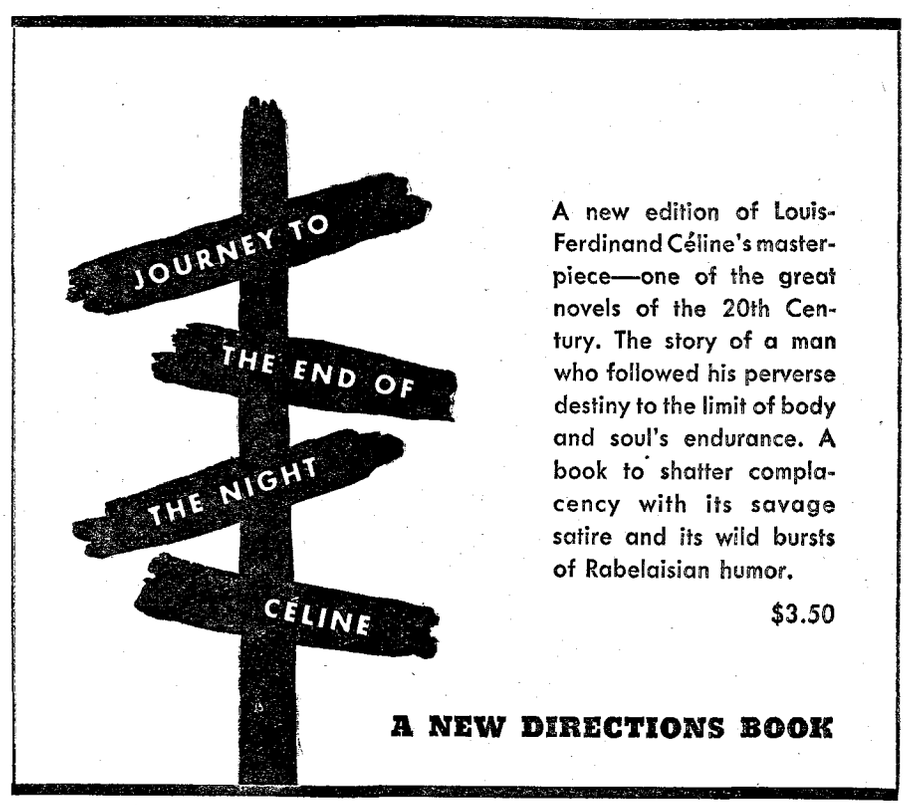
OF THE jokes told at international conclaves to illustrate national characteristics, none is more venerable and illuminating than the one about the Englishman, Frenchman, German, and so on who set out to write about the elephant. The German, of course, produced a six-volume "Introduction to an Inquiry Concerning the Proper Classification Among Vertebrates."

Writing about Simon Bolívar, the German historian Gerhard Masur is only a little less verbose in that he counts his work by the hundred pages rather than by the volumes (698 pages, with 18 pages of "selective bibliography," embody his sifting of the disorderly abundance of material concerning the South American hero). An exile from Hitler's Germany, possessed of the proper academic training, and armed with a Rockefeller scholarship, Professor Masur set out to apply to the Liberator's life the "critical, realistic methods that were developed by European historians from Thucydides to Ranke and Taine, but which have been only partially accepted in South America," where it is often difficult to find the truth under the "thick patina" of legend.

The result is extraordinarily interesting. Here are South American discontent and idealism in the nineteenth century seen from the viewpoint of a European and pictured against the double background of local conditions and European events that were stirring the world. According to Masur, Bolívar took much of his inspiration from Napoleon's success in freeing France from chaos, and from England's pattern of tolerance. If the German scholar is correct, it was England rather than the United States which was Bolívar's "liberal country par excellence." Wrote the Liberator, "They who have not already become allies or have not linked their destiny with England's are indeed unfortunate. All America is not worth the British fleet."

Bolívar did not think in terms of nations but of federations and of continents. He was "one of the first to proclaim the ideal of a commonwealth of nations." "The more conscious the twentieth century becomes of its mission, the more will it consider Bolívar as one of the founders of its destiny."

And when that moment arrives—in the year 2010 perhaps—someone may



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take this unwieldy book and fashion from it the swift and vivid biography which its subject merits. In sifting and setting in order the inchoate mass of material which is heaped about the great figure of the Liberator, Professor Masur has rendered Bolívar's memory a fine service, but the biography that will reach a wide audience in the United States is still to come. MILDRED ADAMS

# Fiction in Review

BECAUSE Philip Wylie describes his new volume, "Opus 21" (Rinehart, $3), as a novel, it has come to this department for comment. Actually, however, there would seem to be little fiction about it. The author speaks in the first person and in his own name and describes a few days in his recent life—a trip to New York to consult his physician about a possible throat cancer, an involved encounter with a girl he picks up in a bar, a trying experience with a young nephew who has got himself engaged to a prostitute. Upon this slight narrative skeleton he hangs discussions of politics, art, science, love, psychiatry, sexual morality, and so on which are, of course, the reason he wrote the book. Not having read any of Mr. Wylie's previous work, I do not know if this is his usual method, but I admit myself drawn to the unorthodox form he has contrived for himself.

I also admit a rather disarmed affection for the author of "Opus 21." When one deals with so personal a performance—in the course of his book Mr. Wylie tells us not only what he thinks on all the topics of our times but also what he likes to eat and drink, what he enjoys and what he fears, how he feels about his wife and daughter, how much money he earns and how much insurance he has accumulated—it is impossible not to be personal oneself. Mr. Wylie has an abundant curiosity and energy; but he is not a very disciplined person. His egocentricity is embarrassing, his lapses of taste too numerous to specify. But he is so aware of his own excesses that for the reviewer to call attention to them is to labor the obvious, to punish for mistakes already confessed. I feel the impulse to protect Mr. Wylie as one wants to protect a small boy who simply cannot help misbehaving.

On the other hand, Mr. Wylie is assuming the role of an educator in morality. He boasts a large public influence, and he may indeed be reaching a wide and susceptible audience with his opinions. He must therefore be held to some intellectual and moral account, especially for his sexual ideas, which are the ones that will be most interesting to the general reader. Mr. Wylie speaks in his own person, but he also claims the authority of Freud and Jung. Still alive, Jung can of course refuse his spokesman if he chooses. It is the reviewer's responsibility to make the disclaimer for Freud: enough nonsense is already ascribed to Freud without some of Mr. Wylie's strange notions being laid at his door too.

I refer particularly to Mr. Wylie's mad prescription for the sexual health of the young woman he picks up in a bar. The girl is reading Kinsey: she has recently discovered her husband in a homosexual partnership and is trying to find enlightenment on this woeful marital problem. Mr. Wylie talks to the girl at great length, learns that she has herself been frigid in her marriage, and promptly diagnoses her trouble: it is her own sexual repressiveness that sent her husband to a male companion and that accounts for her dismay at his present behavior. But Mr. Wylie not only diagnoses, he cures: he introduces the girl to a prostitute, with whom he encourages her in a Lesbian relationship. The girl experiences her first sexual fulfilment; she becomes transformed. Accepting her own bi-sexuality, she is now able to accept her husband's bi-sexuality as well. She returns home with the author's happy assurances that all her matrimonial difficulties have been solved; she and her husband will now achieve a fine sexual union.

This reconstruction of a marriage is only about half of the "plot" of Mr. Wylie's novel, but obviously it will be the whole lesson the casual reader will draw from the book. It is not only foolish talk, and a complete perversion of Freudian practice, but very dangerous stuff to bandy about. I find it significant, for instance, that of all the reviews of Mr. Wylie's book I have so far seen, not one questions this "therapy" to which the author of "Opus 21" devotes so much unlicensed zeal.

And it is a great shame that it is particularly in the sexual sphere that Mr. Wylie goes so wrong, because he has a basic perception about the sexual source of our ills which one must be glad to help him propagandize. Mr. Wylie understands what few better-disciplined moralists are willing to acknowledge—the extent to which a faulty attitude toward man's biological nature creates the horrors of modern society. He knows that politics begins in the cradle, that the distortions we force upon the human emotions in infancy, and especially upon our sexual emotions, are of a kind which are hardly amenable to correction at peace tables or in atomic commissions. But surely the general public will need more discrimination than it is yet equipped with to be able to take Mr. Wylie's sexual premise without the faulty construction he builds upon it. Either the one will be thrown out with the other or the one accepted as an inevitable development of the other—and it is hard to say which outcome is the less desirable. DIANA TRILLING

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## CONTRIBUTORS

ALBERT GUERARD, professor emeritus of comparative and general literature at Stanford University, is the author of "Personal Equation" and other books.

MCALISTER COLEMAN, a Socialist journalist, is working on a book entitled "A History of the Plain People."

PHILIP ROBINSON is an actor and director.

MILDRED ADAMS has made a special study of Hispano-American literature.

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# Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

THE past season on Fifty-seventh Street has been disappointing, by and large, for American art, particularly so by contrast to the previous one of 1947-48, which saw the introduction of a surprising amount of new talent and, more important even than that, the beginnings of self-realization by artists already on the scene. It was as if a new current of critical as well as creative activity had emerged, almost suddenly, to raise the collective level of our advanced art to a point of awareness and performance beyond anything it had known before. This was not a phenomenon of merely local reference, nor was it momentary; it had a wide bearing, had been in process of growth for three or four years, and it seemed to make American art for perhaps the first time an equal participant in the dialogue with Europe. I do not think by any means that this current is now exhausted; certainly if a year were enough to do that, it could hardly have the character I claim for it. But it may be subject to ebb and flow, and after its first rising it may have had to contract itself the better to assure and consolidate its reality. There was, in spite of everything, some evidence on Fifty-seventh Street of its continuance and even more evidence in the studios.

Our society does very little overtly to encourage American art in its new advance and a great deal to discourage it. I do not mean only the attacks on abstract art and its related forms that appear in the press—the greater amount of attention paid lately to modern art, even if it is but to complain about it, is in a way a promising sign. The importance of modern art has become such that it is no longer sufficient to oppose it by ignoring its presence; its enemies have to fight it actively, and in doing so they have made painting and sculpture a crucial issue of cultural life—which is to assign them much more relative importance than they ever enjoyed before in this country.

Society more effectively discourages advanced art by simply withholding its money and refusing to buy it or give it honorific publicity. The growth of interest in modern painting and sculpture has not been accompanied by a proportional growth of the market for them. And the present efflorescence of American art, no matter what new and, for the first time, international importance it gives to that art, cannot continue for long without a good deal more financial support than it now receives. What the situation is with respect to this factor we can see from the past season on Fifty-seventh Street. Not that the new enthusiasm flagged in advanced art circles because of lack of sales; it is more likely, I repeat, that it obeyed some inner rhythm of its own. But Fifty-seventh Street, to judge from the way in which it invested its money, did not seem even to be aware of the presence of this enthusiasm or of its already considerable fruits.

The closing of the Kootz Gallery at the end of the 1947-48 season left a big gap. There are only a few places, relatively, that show or are at all interested in advanced painting by Americans, and they play a role disproportionate to their number, their financial strength, and the amount of work they circulate. They are the places in which American art happens today. Samuel Kootz's gallery had made itself the focus, along with Betty Parsons's, of all that was most alive, serious, and adventurous in contemporary American art, and during the four years of its existence it provided such significant young painters as Robert Motherwell and Adolph Gottlieb with the conditions under which they were able to develop their work to its present high level. The uncomfortable vacuum left by Mr. Kootz's departure has not been altogether filled by Sidney Janis's new establishment at the same address, the new Peridot Gallery downtown, the Jane Street Gallery, or by the emergence into prominence as sponsors of the new American abstract art of the excellent Egan Gallery and, to a lesser extent, Jacques Seligmann's.

Despite all the surviving galleries named above, and the Pinacotheca and Marian Willard's and J. B. Neumann's galleries in addition, it remains as difficult as ever for a young American painter or sculptor working in an advanced mode to win real attention in New York. What accounts for this difficulty to some degree is not so much limited gallery space as limited sales outlets. Those galleries which, like the Buchholz, Pierre Matisse's, Paul Rosenberg's, and others, have built themselves prestige and clientèles by importing and exhibiting modern French, German, and British art do in general show inhospitality toward almost everything new or adventurous in the latest American art. Good business sense may justify this policy, but the firms in question cannot boast that they act with full responsibility toward art. There are galleries and dealers that create values, and there are others that exploit values already created. One would like to see more of an overlapping between the two kinds on Fifty-seventh Street. For there is no question that a more open attitude on the part of the second toward advanced American art would help infinitely to maintain its new élan and establish it as the contribution it can be to the international mainstream.

It is possible that the more powerful organs of American public opinion will after a time awake to the fact that our new painting and sculpture constitute the most original and vigorous art in the world today, and that national pride will overcome ingrained philistinism

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and induce our journalists to boast of what they neither understand nor enjoy. That would still be to the good. Blind recognition is better than none at all. But it would be very embarrassing and not altogether healthy if the Luce magazines, for instance, boarded the train before the powers on Fifty-seventh Street did. That would show bad business policy on the part of those powers, and business policy is the only excuse they can still offer for their obtuseness.

## Records

*B. H. HAGGIN*

MOZART'S Quartet K.465 has been recorded for English Decca by the Griller Quartet (EDA-97, $9.45). Exaggerated accents and retardations overdramatize the somber introduction; with these, as the work continues, there is also affected phrasing—all this adding up to a crude and graceless performance, as against the old Budapest Quartet performance with its elegance, subtlety, and unfailing taste. The recording reproduces the Griller performance with marvelous balance and distinctness, but with unpleasant sharpness in the violin sound.

From Columbia, with the cooperation of the Museum of Modern Art, comes a recording (MM-829, $5.20) of "Façade," with Edith Sitwell reciting her poems and a chamber orchestra conducted by Frederick Prausnitz playing Walton's music. The work is delightful; the performance superb and excellently reproduced. The museum's cooperation is, presumably, responsible for the handsome booklet containing the texts of the poems, an impressive photograph of Miss Sitwell by Fred Plaut, and illustrations by James Flora—this in addition to the introduction by Sir Osbert Sitwell on the inside of the album cover.

Without cooperation Columbia issues Debussy's Cinq Poèmes de Charles Baudelaire (MM-828, $4.15) without the French texts, but only with unsatisfactory translations by Jennie Tourel (she translates "reste longtemps," for example, as "rest long"). But her singing of the songs is extremely beautiful and is sensitively accompanied by Erich Itor Kahn; and the performances are excellently reproduced. The songs themselves are music I do not care for.

Nor do I care for the Busoni transcription for piano of Bach's great Chaconne for unaccompanied violin, and the performance Egon Petri has recorded for Columbia (MX-313, $2.68).

Columbia has issued on records two of C. B. S.'s "You Are There" broadcasts: "The Battle of Gettysburg" (MM-823, $4.15) and "The Signing of the Magna Charta" (MM-822, $4.15). This program sets out to make the "dead, dull" events of history real for us today by having members of the C. B. S. news staff report them as they do the inauguration of President Truman. But the John Daly voice quivering with emotion does terrible things even to an event of today (it is especially hard to take for anyone who remembers it quivering sonorously out of Algiers in indignation over "today's action of the assembly which deprived General Giraud of a power he has exercised..."); and applied to events at Gettysburg or Runnymede it creates embarrassing phoniness around them. And only additional phoniness and embarrassment are produced by the talk, ideas, and humor of Confederate and Union soldiers or thirteenth-century English king, nobles, and commoners as thought up by radio script-writers and spoken by radio actors. The dubbing from recordings of the broadcasts is uneven in quality.

There is also some variation in Laurence Olivier's voice and in the sound of the Philharmonia Orchestra that plays Walton's music as they come off the RCA Victor records of passages taken from the sound-track of the film of "Hamlet" (DM-1273, $4.75). But Olivier's beautiful delivery of the words is clear for the most part.

Correction: The Lansing 600-B speaker that I mentioned recently is an Altec-Lansing.

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## Letters to the Editors

### Striking Under a Blanket

*Dear Sirs*: The strike of the Bell Syndicate unit, Newspaper Guild of New York, entered its third week on May 30 under a news blackout imposed by the nation's publishers. "Don't cover the Bell strike," are the words that have made the rounds.

These are the facts:

Labor difficulties were touched off in November at Bell Syndicate and its affiliates, the North American Newspaper Alliance, Associated Newspapers, and Consolidated News Features, when I was fired without notice after nineteen years of service. Management called me "incompetent," but I received in my final pay check on the very same day a $2.50 weekly raise for merit. The Guild has filed an unfair-labor-practice charge with the NLRB, holding that I was fired for union activity.

My firing was the spark to complete unionization at Bell. The employees chose the Guild by a 44-to-5 vote in an NLRB election. In the ensuing negotiations we asked for a living wage and job security. Management wouldn't budge. The Federal Mediation Service could effect no solution. Finally, on May 16, after four months of fruitless effort, we were forced to walk out.

No Bell employee at that time was sure of his job. Salaries were low, in many cases skirting bare minimum. A typical example was that of the Bell purchasing clerk who ordered 99 per cent of all the company's material and had seven years of Bell service behind him. He supported a family of four on $48 a week.

In this third week of the strike we find new difficulties. Bell columnists and cartoonists continue to send their copy and drawings to the syndicate. Drew Pearson and Billy Rose—who have mouthed liberalism and stuffed their pockets—have like most other Bell contributors spurned our numerous pleas to cease filing their material, even though they know that new distribution means could be set up in a single day and that their contracts can be broken.

On May 19 Pearson, Rose, and several other Bell columnists and cartoonists were sent this telegram:

Regret your indecision to cooperate with Guild strikers at Bell Syndicate. Your copy now being handled by scabs. Unless you withdraw same, we must inform

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newspaper men and women that you are helping to break the strike. Appreciate immediate reply.

Despite this, Pearson, a brother guildsman, has continued his column, blasting lobbyists and putting others to the test, something he has done for years. But this is the first time he himself has been tested—and he has failed. Rose, who often expresses his largeness of heart, so far has also refused to answer us concretely. Every day since the strike's beginning his copy has crossed our picket line.

We have also received a jolt from the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune*. They refused to accept paid Guild advertisements publicizing our strike. The advertisement submitted to the *Herald Tribune*, which carries Rose's column, asked readers to protest to him. "Controversial matter," said the newspaper, turning thumbs down. The *Times* rejected the advertisement submitted to it because it asked readers to protest that paper's use of N. A. N. A. copy. Won't publish it, the *Times* said, and nothing more.

EDWARD MAHAR,
Unit Chairman, Bell Syndicate Unit,
Newspaper Guild of New York

New York, June 2

## Is Dictatorship Wrong?

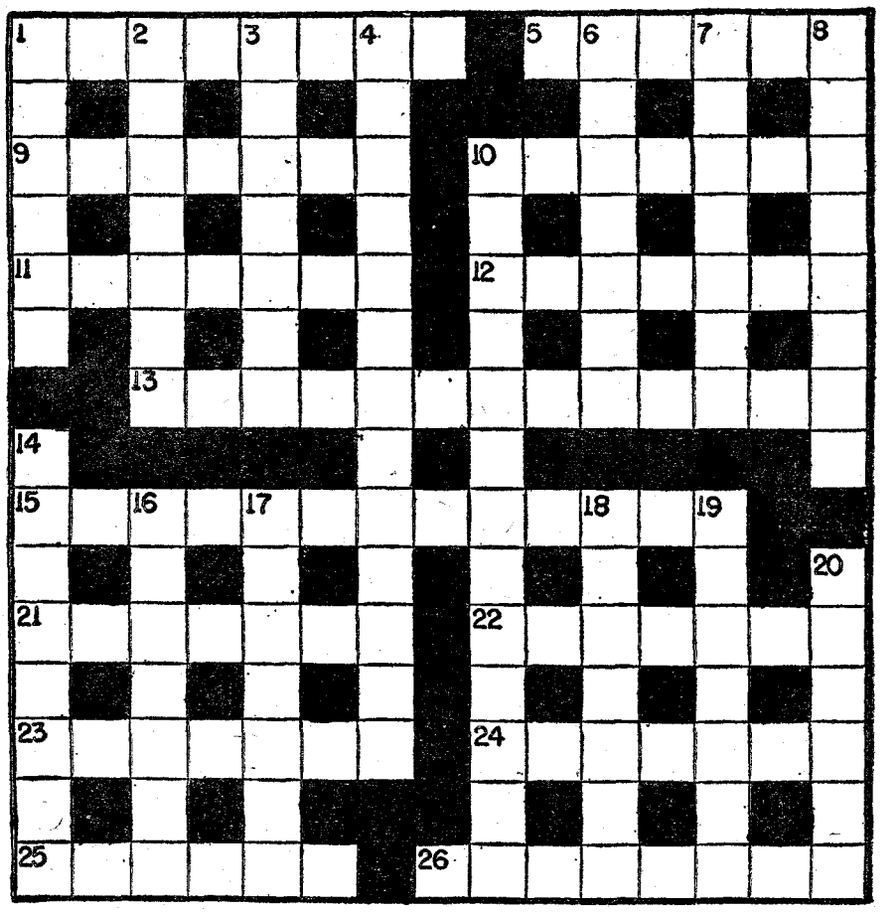
*Dear Sirs*: The following exposition of dictatorship and democracy by a representative of the American Roman Catholic hierarchy was published on May 28 in the Brooklyn *Tablet*, the leading Catholic newspaper in the United States representing a single diocese. It was not the casual statement of a contributor or even of an editorial writer; it was a question and answer in the regular column on policy and doctrine conducted by Father Raymond J. Neufeld, and it therefore represents the hierarchy in America's largest diocese.

*Question.* Is a dictatorship morally wrong in the eyes of the church?

*Answer.* A dictatorship is a form of government in which one person is appointed to rule with absolute authority. Such a form of government can be morally good or evil, depending on the justice or injustice of its rule. First of all, the dictator must have a right to his position. If he came by his power unjustly, then his dictatorship is morally wrong. Secondly, the government under a dictator must acknowledge God as the supreme author of all law. No man has authority except it come from God. Thirdly, the inalienable rights of all the subjects

# Crossword Puzzle No. 315

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



### ACROSS

1 One reason why Mercury's fall might be deafening. (8)
5 Pat's might be thick. (6)
9 Limp, proverbially. (7)
10 Mr. and Mrs. Thumb? (The ends of their feet should be the same.) (7)
11 It sounds like it takes its toll over the tub. (7)
12 State of Artemis' heart in Rome. (7)
13 First one grips this, then turns to work for Igor. (5, 2, 6)
15 Are they bored in Artois? (8, 5)
21 C, in the case of the famous fifth. (7)
22 Learning flowers (but she's on the rocks!). (7)
23 Little skippers, perhaps. (7)
24 They change their habits a couple of times a year. (7)
25 Problems of the studio? (6)
26 Valued. (8)

### DOWN

1 Downes gives away the answer. (6)
2 Redder (after being exposed). (7)
3 The piano might be left back-stage, according to the audience. (7)
4 Poor ones are sometimes back-sliders, even with relatively simple 8's. (6-7)
6 Springs usually find ropes and irons necessary equipment for one. (7) (hyphenated)
7 It's sort of vain to measure a scientist. (7)
8 How to alienate a sergeant? (8)
10 Were they a race of high-livers? (5-8)
14 Pots, perhaps, behind the plate. (8) (hyphenated)
16 Old-fashioned "do" in a different story. (With new parts, perhaps?) (7)
17 Lover who might call his partner a gritty pearl? (7)
18 Confusion and alarm, that is, in quite a state! (7)
19 He fostered Bacchus. (7)
20 Ko-Ko said piano organists never would be. (6)

### SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 314

ACROSS:—1 JOHN NANCE GARNER; 9 HORSA; 10 PIZZICATO; 11 NASCENT; 12 MONTAGE; 13 AMENTIA; 14 SENIORS; 16 POLEMIC; 19 CODETTA; 21 EN GARDE; 23 MANSARD; 24 EXORCISOR; 25 MIDGE; 26 DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

DOWN:— 1 JOHNNY APPLESEED; 2 HARDSHELL; 3 NEAREST; 4 NAPHTHA; 5 ENZYMES; 6 AVIGNON; 7 NYASA; 8 RHODE ISLAND REDS; 15 OUTLANDER; 17 MOROCCO; 18 CHELSEA; 19 CAMBRAI; 20 DYNAMIC; 22 GROUP.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York

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of the government must be respected and preserved.

Dictatorship as it operates in Russia, as it operated in Germany under Hitler and in Italy under Mussolini, is morally wrong. Those three isms are based on the Karl Marx theory of government in which the state is supreme, going so far as to deny the existence of God. The rights of the citizenry are completely denied, since in Russia the individual is the property of the state.

The dictatorship in Spain, on the other hand, is morally good, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. The Franco government was established in defense against the Russian influence in Spain. Though Franco is a dictator, he acknowledges the existence and the supremacy of God and he respects the God-given rights of the people.

I think you might be interested to know that I have checked with two public-school principals in this city to see if the *Tablet* is permitted in their libraries. Both told me that under the rules of the Board of Superintendents it is within the discretion of any New York public-school principal to purchase the *Tablet* for his school's library.

FRANK THOMAS

New York, June 1

## Two Worth-while Additions

*Dear Sirs*: Congratulations on two recent phenomena: the return of Manny Farber [formerly a film critic for the *New Republic*—Ed.], one of the few critics who has any idea what the movies are all about, and the appearance of Gertrude Buckman as literary critic. Hoping you publish more of her taut, pertinent analyses, I am, your continuing well-wisher.

VERNON YOUNG

Santa Fe, N. M., May 19

## Man's Fate

*Dear Sirs:* I suppose life is a disappointment to most of us and few realize their ambitions. It has been different for me from what I expected.

When as a young high-school teacher I became interested in and began reading about socialism, I would often ponder over whether I should espouse it. I thought that I would be hated by the well-to-do and those I was then associating with but that I would be a hero to the workers. Now, after thirty-five years, half of the workers I associate and argue with hate my guts, and most of the others are afraid to have very much to do with me because it might affect their jobs. A few defend me, and


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perhaps the Negroes, whose rights I am always fighting for, admire me, but they are too scared to say much about it. I disagree with my fellow-workers on nearly every subject, so my life with them is not a very happy one.

I used to think that this was because I lived in the South, but short trips north and the recent election have shown me that the workers of the North are only a notch ahead of the Southern workers. I sometimes try to explain to them the difference between socialism and communism, but it is hopeless, especially when they find I do not want to fight Russia.

Changing the subject. Of course, I am glad to see the Berlin blockade lifted and the prospects of peace brighter, thinking perhaps that if war is postponed, we may learn enough to avoid it. But under capitalism at this late stage of development we have both surplus goods and surplus capital to export. We must export our profits to avoid a depression. When the day of giving away goods is over and we are prepared for war, how are we going to avoid war? Let the editors of *The Nation* answer that one, as they now seem to be defenders of capitalism.

J. HAYDEN MOORE, SR.

Midlothian, Texas, May 25

## S. D. A. to the TVA

*Dear Sirs:* Some of your readers may be interested in a tour of the Tennessee Valley Authority sponsored by Students for Democratic Action, the student division of Americans for Democratic Action. It is scheduled for June 20-25 and will cover the Fort Loudon, Fontana, and Norris dams.

Further information may be obtained by telegraphing us at 1740 K Street, N. W., Washington 6.

FRITZ MONDALE,
Executive Secretary, S. D. A.

Washington, May 21

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# *Message to Parents*

# IF POLIO HITS YOUR AREA THIS YEAR...

## SEE THAT YOUR CHILDREN...

**AVOID Crowds and New Contacts** in trains, buses or boats, if possible; avoid crowded places where one may be close to another's breath or cough.

**AVOID Over-Fatigue.** Too active play, late hours, worry, irregular living schedules may invite a more serious form of the disease.

**AVOID Swimming** in water which has not been declared *safe* by your health department.

**AVOID Chilling.** Take off wet clothes and shoes at once. Keep dry shoes, sweaters, blankets and coats handy for sudden weather changes.

**Keep clean.** Wash hands after going to toilet and before eating. Keep food covered and free from flies and other insects. Burn or bury garbage not tightly covered. Avoid using another's pencil, handkerchief, utensil or food touched by soiled hands.

## QUICK ACTION MAY PREVENT CRIPPLING

***Call Your Doctor*** at once if there are symptoms of headache, nausea, upset stomach, muscle soreness or stiffness, or unexplained fever.

***Take His Advice*** if he orders hospital care; early diagnosis and prompt treatment are important and may prevent crippling.

***Consult Your Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis*** for help. Your Chapter (see local telephone book or health department for address) is prepared to pay that part of the cost of care and treatment you cannot meet—including transportation, after-care and such aids as wheelchairs, braces and other orthopedic equipment. This service is made possible by the March of Dimes.

***Remember, facts fight fears.*** Half or more of those having the disease show no after-effects; another fourth recover with very slight crippling. A happy state of mind tends toward health and recovery. Don't let your anxiety or fear reach your children. Your confidence makes things easier for you and for others.

*Cut out and keep for reference.*

***THIS INFORMATION IS PREPARED BY***

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